



# FEATURE

COMICS

JULY FORMERLY FEATURE FUNNIES



MICHAEL—WAIT 'TILL YOU SEE THAT FRESH HOULIHAN JUMP WHEN I SET THIS OFF BEHIND HIM!!



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NO. 22 10¢



**WEB COMIC  
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# DAISY AIR RIFLES

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# JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By HAM FISHER

ARTIE MCGOVERN THE FAMOUS TRAINER, SAYS THAT TRAINING SHOULD BE DONE WITH REASON

-HE SAYS, GET PLENTY OF SUNSHINE AND FRESH AIR--

-DO YOUR EXERCISES OFTEN, AND NOT ALL AT ONCE. TAKE A LUKEWARM SHOWER, FOLLOWED BY A COLD ONE AFTER A WORKOUT--



TRY THIS-- WITH BODY IN THIS POSITION, BRING LEGS DOWN AND UP AGAIN

## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER

KNOBBY, DO YOU KNOW THAT THE TIE YOU HAVE ON IS AWFUL?

WITH ALL I GOT ON MY MIND I AIN'T GOT TIME T' THINK !!

WHY DON'T YOU HIRE AN ENGLISH VALET? YOU CAN'T GO WRONG THEN!

YER RIGHT-- SMOKEY AIN'T SO CLASSY!

KNOBBY'S GOT A ENGLISH VALIT COMIN' !!

YEAH-- AH KNOWS IT-- HE TOLE ME AH AIN'T GOT GOOD TASTE!

AW-- I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE MR. WALSH -- TELL HIM TOMPKINS IS HEAH!

OKAY !!

I SUPPOSE WE ARE IN THE SOCIAL REGISTER, SIR?

NO-- WE'RE IN TH' BOXIN' REGISTER !!

WHAT? YOU REALLY MEAN YOU KEEP NO HORSES? BY JOVE-- !!

WELL Y' SEE I'M A BUSY GUY AN'

NO-- I AIN'T INTER' STED IN OP' RA-- MOVIES AN' MUSICAL COMEDIES IS MY MEAT !!

TOO BAD! TOO BAD!! ALL SOCIETY GOES TO OPERA-- YOU REALLY MUST TOO!!

AHEM-- MAY I SAY THAT THIS ROOM SHOULD BE DONE OVER, SIR? HMF!

OH-- YEAH -- I GUESS IT COULD STAND A LITTLE CLEANIN' AT THAT!

HOW D'YA LIKE THAT FER A WARDROBE, TOMPKINS? SOME STUFF, EH?

WELL, IT'S LARGE IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN!! WHERE ARE YOUR LINENS, SIR?

MY WORD! THESE SHIRTS ARE POOR TASTE-- WE MUST GET RID OF THEM!! AND-- AHEM, SIR--

AND ME SHOES ARE MADE SPECIAL-- I DESIGN 'EM MESELF!

THOSE SHOES ARE IMPOSSIBLE! SIR, IF I ACCEPT THE POSITION WHAT IS MY DAY OFF-- ?

YA MAY NOT BELIEVE IT, BUT--

IT STARTS RIGHT NOW!!

OHHH!! I SAY--

SMOKEY-- WHAT'S A GOOD TIE TO WEAR WITH A GREEN SUIT?

AH LIKES A PINK ONE SUH !! TEE HEE !!



# JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

by HAM FISHER



WE SHOW HERE A FINE EXERCISE FOR STRENGTHENING THE ABDOMEN —

AS PICTURED, JOE LIES FLAT ON HIS BACK— THEN SLOWLY RISES TO A FINAL SITTING POSITION. KEEP LEGS STRAIGHT, AND DO THIS NO MORE THAN TEN TIMES AT FIRST.



## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



KNOBBY, WHAT'S MENTAL TELEGRAPHY? I THINK I SEEN IT IN A NOOSPAPER?

I MEAN TELEPATHY—



IT'S THINKIN' SOMETHIN' AT TH' SAME TIME AS SOME-BUDDY ELSE!

IT'S ALSO THE POWER TO MAKE SOMEONE OBEY YOUR WILL—



YA SEE A GUY WITH WILL POWER LIKE MINE KIN MAKE SOMEBUDDY AT A DISTANCE DO SOME-THIN'!!

DID YOUSE EVER TRY IT, KNOBBY?



NO—BUT I'D LIKE T'TRY IT ON A GUY I COULD SEE T'WATCH ITS POWER!

SEE!! THAT MAN NOW ENTERING-- WILL HIM TO SIT AT THIS NEXT TABLE!



LOOK!! HE'S STARTED THIS WAY!

SHH!! I'M NOW USIN' WILL POWER—I'M CONSECRATIN' HARD ON HIS MIND! OHH!



AN' HE GOT LOTS A OTHER TABLES T'CHOOSE FROM--

BOY!! AM I USIN' MY WILL POWER!! HERE, HERE, THIS TABLE!!



HE'S COMING THIS WAY--IT REALLY SEEMS TO BE WORKING!! GEE!

THIS WAY, MISTER-- HERE, HERE-- THIS WAY--



GRACIOUS— THIS IS CERT'NY MARV'LOUS, KNOBBY!!

I'LL GIT 'IM-- C'MON, C'MON, THIS TABLE NEXT TIME! C'MON-- THIS WAY!



WHEW!! HOW DID YA LIKE THAT--I MADE 'IM DO IT! AIN'T THAT WILL POWER FER YA!!

IMAGINE!! AND HE TOOK THE RIGHT TABLE!



SAY, PAL—TELL US JIST HOW YA FELT--WHAT WAS YER SENSATION?

HOW WHAT FELT?? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



WHEN I MADE YA SIT THERE!! I DID IT BY MENTAL TELEPHONY AN'--

WHY YOU IDIOT!! I'VE SAT HERE EVERY DAY FOR TEN YEARS!!



SHH--PRETEND YOUSE DIN'T HEAR IT---

AN' STOP MUTTERIN' TA YERSELF! NOBODY HURT YA!! TEE HEE!



# JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By HAM FISHER

A SECOND'S JOB IS AN IMPORTANT ONE, AND WHEN YOU SECOND A FELLOW REMEMBER THE FOLLOWING THINGS—

AVOID ANY ROUGH HANDLING AND EXCITEMENT IN YOUR CORNER

AFTER THE BOUT SEE THAT YOUR MAN HAS A LUKE-WARM SHOWER, THEN A RUB DOWN—THEN A COLD SHOWER



## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



IS KNOBBY AROUND AROUND THE GYM?

YASSUH, HE'S OVAH BY DE RING--



HULLO, KNOBBY!!

WHY, "NIFTY" HAWKS!! WHERE YA BEEN ALL THESE YEARS?



I LOST ALL MY MONEY BACK IN THE CRASH-- COULD I WORK OUT WITH JOE AN' EARN A FEW BUCKS?

YA WON'T BE MUCH GOOD ON SPARRIN'-- BUT HOW'S ABOUT YA SHOWIN' IM YER "SHIFT"?



JOE, THIS IS NIFTY HAWKS, TH' OLD MIDDLEWEIGHT!! HE'S GONNA TEACH YA HIS FAMOUS "SHIFT"--

GEE--I'M PROUD T'MEET YOUSE!!



WHY JOE WILL LEARN IT IN TEN MINUTES!! A GUY WHO CAN'T IS A DUMB CLUCK!

DA'S RIGHT--HE'D BE PLENTY DUMB!!



TRY IT ONCE AGAIN--YOU'VE GOT IT ALMOST PERFECT NOW--

GEE--IT'S SWELL!! IT'S JIST ALL TIMIN' KINDA AN--



THAT'S IT, BOY!! (THAN' YOU DO IT AS K'YOUSE-- WELL AS I EVER DID !!

IT WAS A CINCH THE WAY YOUSE SHOWED ME--



IT WAS SWELL OF YOUSE T'TEACH ME YOUR SHIFT!

IT WAS SWELLER OF YOU T'LET ME--THE FEW BUCKS KNOBBY GIVES ME GOES FOR FOOD FOR MY KIDS!



I BET YOU'D BE GLAD T'GET A COUPLE MORE DAYS WORK, HUH?

I'D DO ANYTHING, BUT I JUST CAN'T FIND ANY WORK---



HOW'D YA DO, KID-- IT WAS A CINCH, EH?

ER--KNOBBY--I'M JIST DUMB I GUESS, BUT IT'LL TAKE ME AT LEAST A WEEK T'LEARN IT FROM MR. HAWKS AN'--



AWRIGHT!! I SPOSE WE HAFTA KEEP YA ON, NIFTY-- WORK A WEEK AT TH' SAME RATE PER DAY, HUH?

W-WHY I-I-- THOUGHT HE HAD IT--BUT, OH-- THANKS!



WHY MISTAH KNOBBY-- HE HAD DAT SHIFT PERFECT !!

SURE! I KNEW IT-- YET HE WAS STILL WILLIN' T'BE CALLED "DUMB" SO NIFTY COULD WORK LONGER!! WHAT A GREAT GUY HE IS!



# JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

by HAM FISHER

WHEN A BOY IS CHOSEN TO BE REFEREE, HE SHALL TELL THE BOXERS AT THE START WHAT HE EXPECTS

-COME OUT FIGHTING--BREAK CLEAN IN CLINCHES--OKAY, NOW SHAKE HANDS--

THE ROUNDS SHOULD BE TWO MINUTES--AND ONE MINUTE'S REST BETWEEN ROUNDS--A MAN ON THE ROPES, WITH HIS TOES OFF THE FLOOR MUST NOT BE STRUCK!

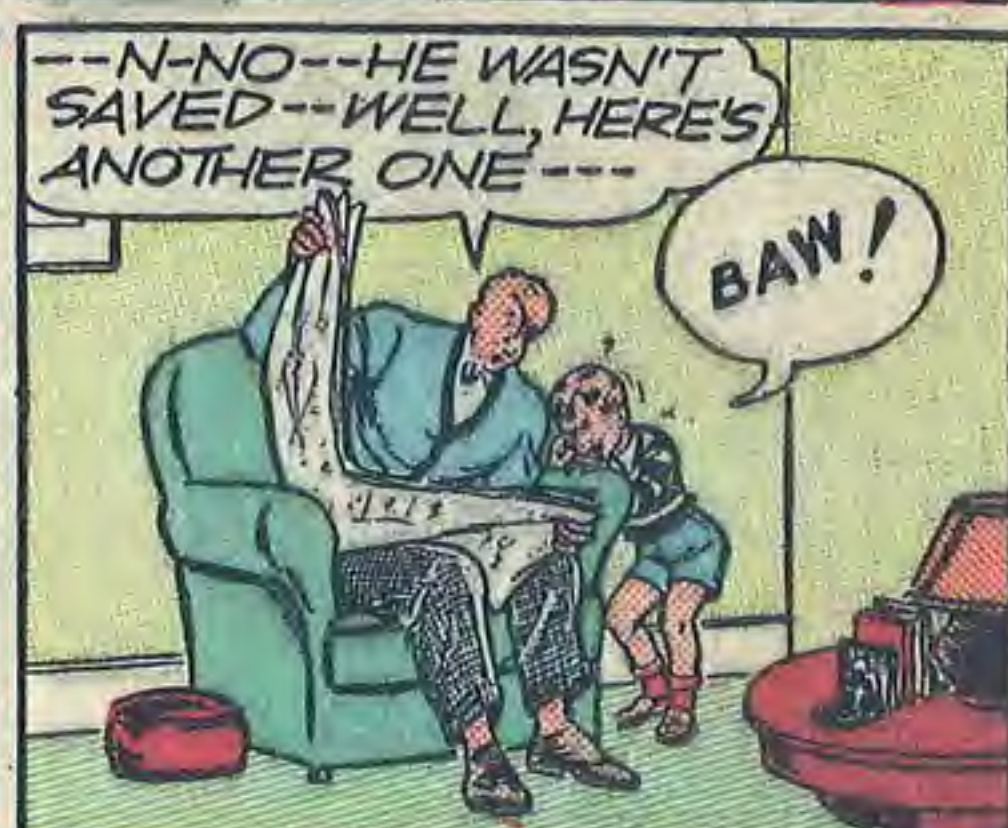
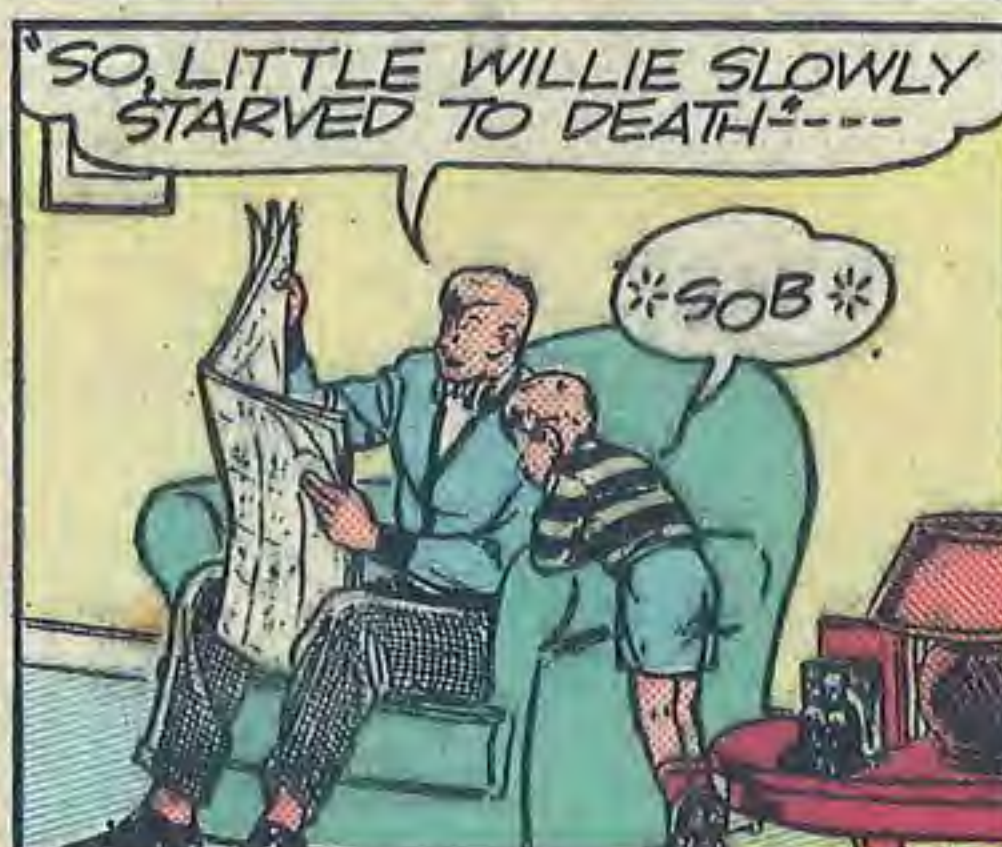
HOLD ON!! THIS FELLA'S GLOVE LACE IS UNTIED!

THE REFEREE SHOULD WATCH FOR FOUR BLOWS AND TRY TO KEEP IT A FAIR CONTEST

## JOE PALOOKA

McNaught Syndicate Inc.

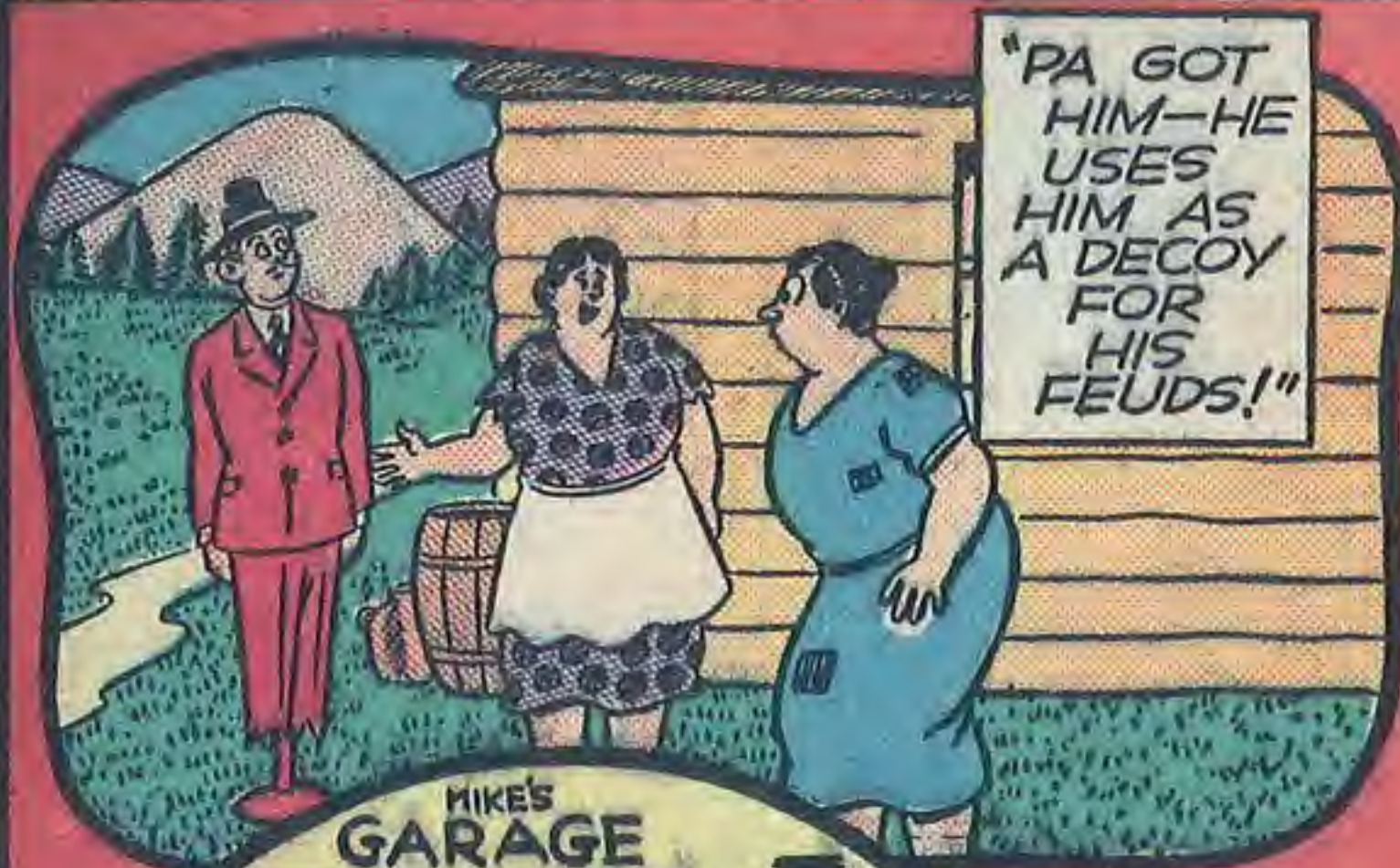
By HAM FISHER



More of Joe Palooka in the August issue of FEATURE COMICS--on sale June 30th.



# OFF THE RECORD *By ED REED.*



WHEN YOUR GRAND-DAD,  
WAS JUST A LAD,  
THE BIKES WERE HIGH AND SCARY.  
THERE WERE NO MAKES,  
WITH COASTER BRAKES  
AND FALLING WASN'T MERRY!



BUT DAD'S FIRST BIKE,  
WAS VERY LIKE,  
THE ONES WE RIDE TODAY ON,  
AND HUSKY-CHESTED,  
FANCY-VESTED,  
GENTS CONTRIVED TO STAY ON



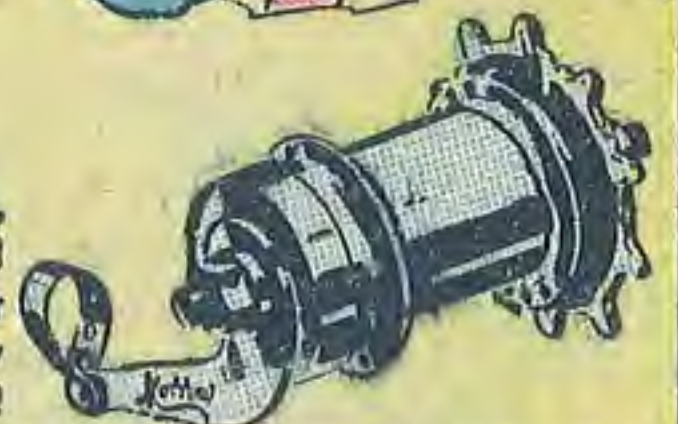
ITS MORROW BRAKE,  
WAS BUILT TO TAKE,  
THE HARDEST KIND OF ROUGHING  
TO SPEED, AND STOP,  
AND CLIMB THE TOP,  
OF HILLS THAT GOT THEM PUFFING



SO SHOW YOUR PA,  
OR UNK OR MA,  
THIS BRAKE ADVICE I'M TELLING—  
YOUR SHOP CAN GET,  
THIS BRAKE, YOU BET,  
ON ANY BIKE THEY'RE SELLING!



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easy pedaling, long coasting; more ball  
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Coaster Brake on any bike—ask for it!



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# JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross

**THE SEARCH FOR THE SLAYER ON THE LOVAT ESTATE CONTINUES**

I'M SURE NO ONE WILL OBJECT, INSPECTOR!

WE'LL HAVE TO SEARCH EACH OF YOU FOR THAT LOVAT WILL!

BY THE WAY—I SAW ARCHY DROP SOMETHING IN HERE!

WHY, Y-YOU SPY !!

HOLD ON, SON!

OH! THEY'RE LOVE LETTERS!!

ARE YOU SATISFIED?

SOMETHING WAS HIDDEN HERE TOO!

THEY'VE NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS CASE—

BETTER LET THE INSPECTOR DECIDE THAT, CLAUDE!!

THEY'RE BILLS!! I'M SORRY, MR. LOVAT--

WAS IT THE WILL YOU HID HERE?

NO, SMARTY—ONLY A BRACELET, I KNEW I'D FOOL YOU !!

AND SOMETHING WAS PUT IN THE WOOD BASKET—COULD IT BE THE WILL?

IT WAS ONLY A BRACELET!

I DON'T KNOW—!!

BUT I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE WHEN I HID IT!!

WHY! IT'S YOUR PURSE, JANE !!

MY PURSE ??

AND YOU PUT IT THERE—THINKING I HAD THE WILL?

WELL, YOU WERE RUNNING AWAY WHEN WE MET—AND I FELT SORRY FOR YOU!!

## LENA PRY

WHAR'S DAN'L? WE DON'T WANNA RUN INTO HIM WHILE WE IS HUSTLIN' LENA AWAY T'NIGHT !!

AW, HE SLEEPS IN TH' BARN—AN' LENA'S ALONE IN TH' CABIN!

SHET UP! AIN'T YE SEEN A GHOST BEFORE?

GIT UP AN' GIT DRESSED, GAL !!

WE IS BAD GHOSTS, AN' YO' ARE GOIN' WITH US! HURRY UP NOW, GIT PACKED !!

OH!! ALL RIGHT !

HOLD ON—WE AIN'T LEAVIN' ANY GOOD GRUB BEHIND FER THAT DAN'L!

NO SUH—WE'S NOT LEAVIN' HIM A BIT—

HMM! I THOUGHT GHOSTS RODE BROOMSTICKS OR SOMETHIN'—AN NEVER WAS SEEN JUST WALKIN' !!

SURE, PAPPY—HOW IS IT WE AIN'T RIDIN'?

WAL, GAL--US GHOSTS FOUND OUT THAT THEM BROOMSTICKS DIN'T MAKE GOOD SEATS !!

SAKES ALIVE, THERE'S SOMETHIN' FUNNY 'BOUT YOU GHOSTS—AN' WHERE ARE WE GOIN'?

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

A collection of various dresses and outfits, including a purple dress, a green dress, a red dress, and a blue dress.



# JANE ARDEN

by Monte Harretti and Russell E. Arns

THE SEARCH FOR THE LOVAT WILL IS NOT BRINGING RESULTS

ONE OF YOU WAS LEFT OUT OF YOUR DEAD UNCLE'S WILL-- THAT'S WHY IT CAN'T BE FOUND NOW--

AND WE'LL ALL BE SUSPECTED 'TIL THAT WILL IS PRODUCED !!

AND JANE AND I ARE STAYING 'TIL IT IS FOUND!

WE'VE NOTHING TO HIDE-- DO STAY!!

JANE, YOU WILL WATCH KAREN LOVAT!

OKAY, GOOD NIGHT !!

I'LL KEEP THIS DOOR OPEN-- HER ROOM IS JUST ACROSS THE HALL--

OH!! THERE'S SOMEONE OUT THERE NOW!

GONE DOWN-STAIRS!! PERFUME TOO-- IT WAS KAREN!

HMM!  
I'LL TRAIL HER AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

I FOUND YOUR NOTE IN MY ROOM. WHAT'S UP, KAREN?

OH BOOTH-- I'M SO WORRIED !!

IF THAT MURDERER IS HERE, MAYBE HE'LL STRIKE AGAIN--

NO--THE INSPECTOR SAYS THE WILL WAS THE ONLY MOTIVE

BUT, IF HE'S AFTER UNCLE'S MONEY NO-- ONE IS SAFE--

OH-- THE POLICE ARE HERE NOW! DON'T FRET SO!

WELL, ALL RIGHT, DEAR-- WAIT HERE 'TIL I GO IN-- AND I'LL FEEL SAFER--

OH, I FEEL CHEAP SPYING ON THEM!

HELP! HELP!! I'M STABBED-- OHHH!!

**LENA PRY**  
WAL, DAN'L--- SHO' LOOKS AS IF THEM GHOSTS SLITHERED AWAY WITH TH' GAL!! TH' PORE LIL' THING--  
SOON AFTER LENA IS TAKEN AWAY BY THE 'GHOSTS'

SHUCKS!! AN' WHERE AT KIN I FIND ANOTHER GAL WHAT KIN COOK LIKE LENA! AHH!!-- THEM PIES!!  
YEP-AH RECKON SHE IS AFYIN' SIDE MEAT FER TH' GHOSTS RIGHT NOW!

LOOK!! FOOT TRACKS! AN' THEY STOP AT TH' CAVE-- WHY, THEY WAS JIST WALKIN' GHOSTS!  
CAVE?

THEN THEY WENT OFF THIS WAY-- IF THEM CRITTERS AN' HER WITH TOOK TH' GRUB OUTA THIS CAVE, WHY 'EM!  
--I'LL--I'LL--!!!

THIS AIN'T NO PLACE T'STOP! IT'S SUN-UP-- C'MON, GIT MOVIN'!!  
I'M SURE I HEARD THAT SAME VOICE BEFORE! HMM-- WONDER IF--

WHY, SAM'L FUDDY! (AW, I MIGHTA KNOWN YOU WERE UNDER THAT PUNKIN HEAD!!)  
NOW LENA-- WE WAS ONLY JIST--

## JANE ARDEN'S STYLES FOR MEN





# JANE ARDEN

by Helen Barrett and Russell K. Ross

AS BOTH JANE AND BOOTH LOVAT RUSH TO THE FALLEN KAREN

KAREN!! WHAT HAPPENED??

THE POOR DEAR!

SHE WAS AFRAID OF THIS!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

WE MUST GET HER INSIDE

OHH!! W-WHAT HAPPENED??

ONLY A FLESH WOUND!

YOU WERE LUCKY!!

WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS?

PLENTY!! WE WANT TO FIND WHO DID THIS!

SEE WHO IT WAS, KAREN?

IT WAS SO DARK--NO! NO!! I DIDN'T SEE--NO!!

AND WHAT WERE YOU TWO DOING OUT THERE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT, HUH?

I WENT TO MEET KAREN--

(SHE WAS AFRAID, AND WANTED TO TALK TO ME AS I LEFT IT ALL HAPPENED!)

NOW, BOOTH WAS THE ONLY MAN OUTSIDE--ARE YOU SURE HE DIDN'T DO IT?

OH!! NO--NO--THAT CAN'T BE!!

Y'SEE?? I CAN TELL BY THE WAY SHE DENIES IT THAT BOOTH IS THE GUILTY ONE!!

IT LOOKS THAT WAY, INSPECTOR-- BUT---

IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE---

NO--THIS SLY KILLER IS MUCH SMARTER THAN THAT--

SURE! WE LIKED YA-- NOW GO GIT SOME WATER, RIGHT QUICK!!

Y'SEE, LENA--WE STOLE YA 'CAUSE WE JIST LIKED YA, GAL---

HMF!! SO THAT'S WHY YOU REALLY LIKE ME-- FOR MY WORK!!

AIN'T SHE A PURTY SIGHT, PAPPY??

OH, THEN YOU REALLY DO THINK I'M PRETTY, SAM'L? HOW ROMANTIC YOU ARE---

SURE-- BUT YER PURTIEST WHEN YO' IS WORKIN'!

ALL YOU WANT A WOMAN TO DO IS WORK! HAVEN'T YOU GOT ANY SENTIMENT?

SURE I HAS-- BUT NOT WHEN THERE'S WORK T'DO!!

AN' IF SAM'L TAKES A WIFE YER GOOD COOKIN' WILL BE HANDY!!

OH! SAM'L-- DOES HE MEAN--???

AH MEAN SAM'L MISSES A WIFE T'DO CHORES! NOW, GIT ALONG FER TH' WATER!

YE DROPPED YER BUCKET, GAL!!

## JANE ARDEN'S 'NOVELTY' WARDROBE



# JANE ARDEN

by Hilda Garrett and Russell A. Ross

AND AS INSPECTOR MURPHY LOOKS AT THE KNIFE USED BY KAREN LOVAT'S ATTACKER—

NO, JANE—NOT A FINGERPRINT IN SIGHT!

HMM-- THE GUILTY PARTY IS CAREFUL!

GUILTY OR NOT, I'VE MOVED HIM INTO THIS BOOTH NEXT TO MINE SO I MAY BE ALL WRONG BUT—

IF THE WILL IS THE MOTIVE ONE OF THE LOVATS DID MURDER JUDGE STEPHENS, INSPECTOR—

AND THIS STABBING SEEMS TO LET KAREN OUT AND POINT TO BOOTH'S GUILT---

GUESS EVERYONE ELSE IS IN BED, BUT I'M MUCH TOO EXCITED TO SLEEP!

SOMEONE IS OPENING MY DOOR--

BED IS EMPTY, HMM-- MUST HAVE EXPECTED ME---

THERE YOU ARE! I'VE GOT YOU NOW!!

NEVER MIND THE WINDOW--IT'S A TWO STORY DROP!!

WHY GREAT SCOTT!! IT'S A WOMAN!

HELP!! HELP!!

CONTINUED

## LENA PRY

'CAUSE GHOSTS DON'T LEAVE TRACKS T' THE OTHER SIDE OF TH' MOUNTAIN!!

WHY DO YE THINK IT WERE FUDDYS THAT GOT 'ER?

YE SAY FUDDYS CROSSED THET FEUD LINE??

NOW, BOYS-- WE AIN'T GONNA HARM LENA-- IT WEREN'T HER FAULT--

WAL, LET'S START FEUDIN'!!

WE'LL TEACH TH' FUDDYS NOT T' COME OVER HERE!

HM! NO GAL KIN COOK LIKE LENA--AN' I GOTTA SAVE 'ER!!

HOLD ON--AH THINGS LOTS OF LENA--AN' AH AM USED TA HER GRUB--

IF IT'S JIST HITCHIN' YE WANT I'LL STOP FER PARSON JILES!!

HEY, PARSON!! WE HAS WORK FER YE-- DAN'L IS TAKIN' LENA FER HIS WIFE!!

IS LENA WILLIN' T' WED YE, DAN'L?

HUH! AIN'T I SAID PUBLIC I WAR WILLIN'?

HAW! HAW!! JIST AS IF PORE L'L LENA HAD ANY THING T' SAY IN IT!!

MEBBE SHE DON'T KNOW IT, BUT LENA'S BEIN' MARRIED!

CONTINUED

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



Jane Arden is continued in the August issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale June 30th.





FROM THE NORTH COME THOUSANDS OF ANGRY CHILDREN, MARCHING, MARCHING, MARCHING.



THE PALACE GUARD STANDS READY FOR INSTANT ACTION... A NEW-TYPE 'B.B. MOB-DUSTER' IS LOADED AND PRIMED.....



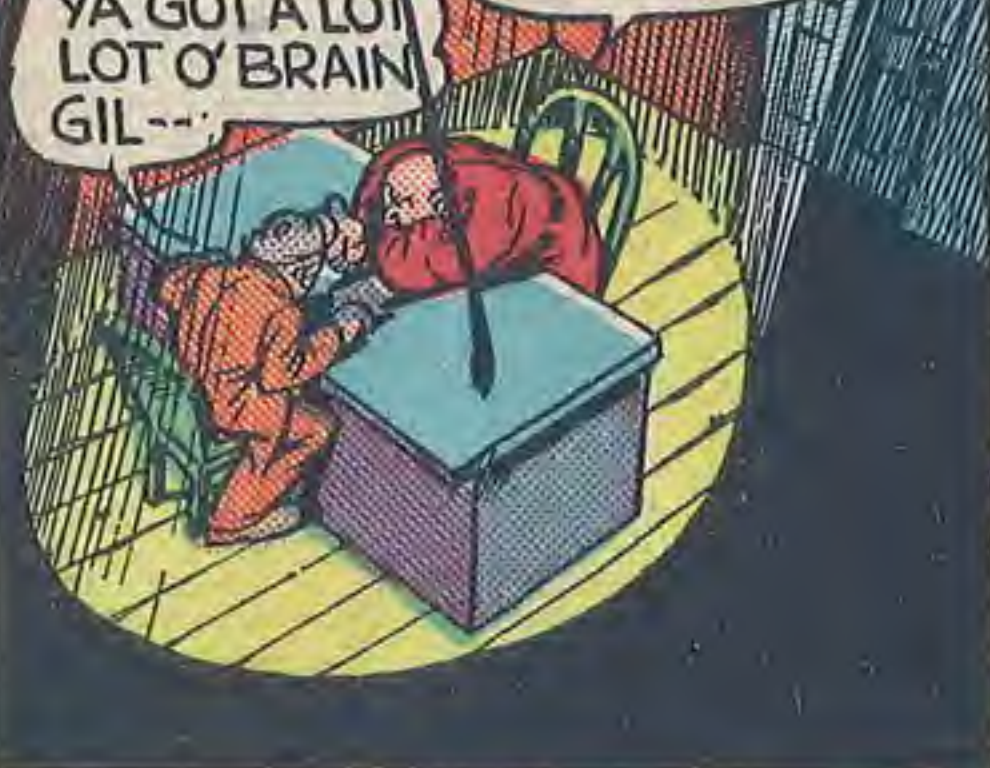
THE TEACHERS OF PYROMANIA ARE FRIGHTENED SILLY, FOR ANY MINUTE THEIR FORMER PUPILS MAY TURN ON THEM... ALL IN ALL THE SITUATION LOOKS BAD.....



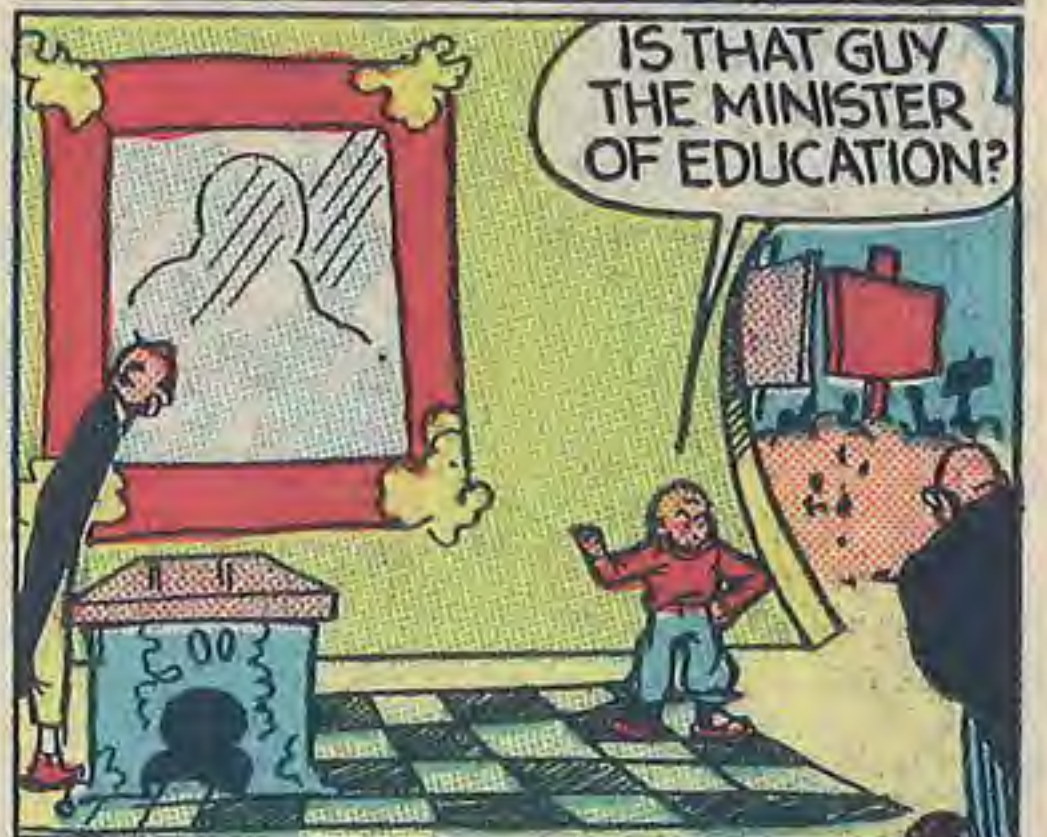
BUT---THERE'S ONE MAN IN PYROMANIA WHO IS VERY HAPPY ABOUT IT ALL, HE IS GIL O. TEEN...



IN A FEW HOURS OF SHOUTING THEY'LL BE RIPE FOR US----- THEN WE'LL ENTICE THEM TO REVOLT!



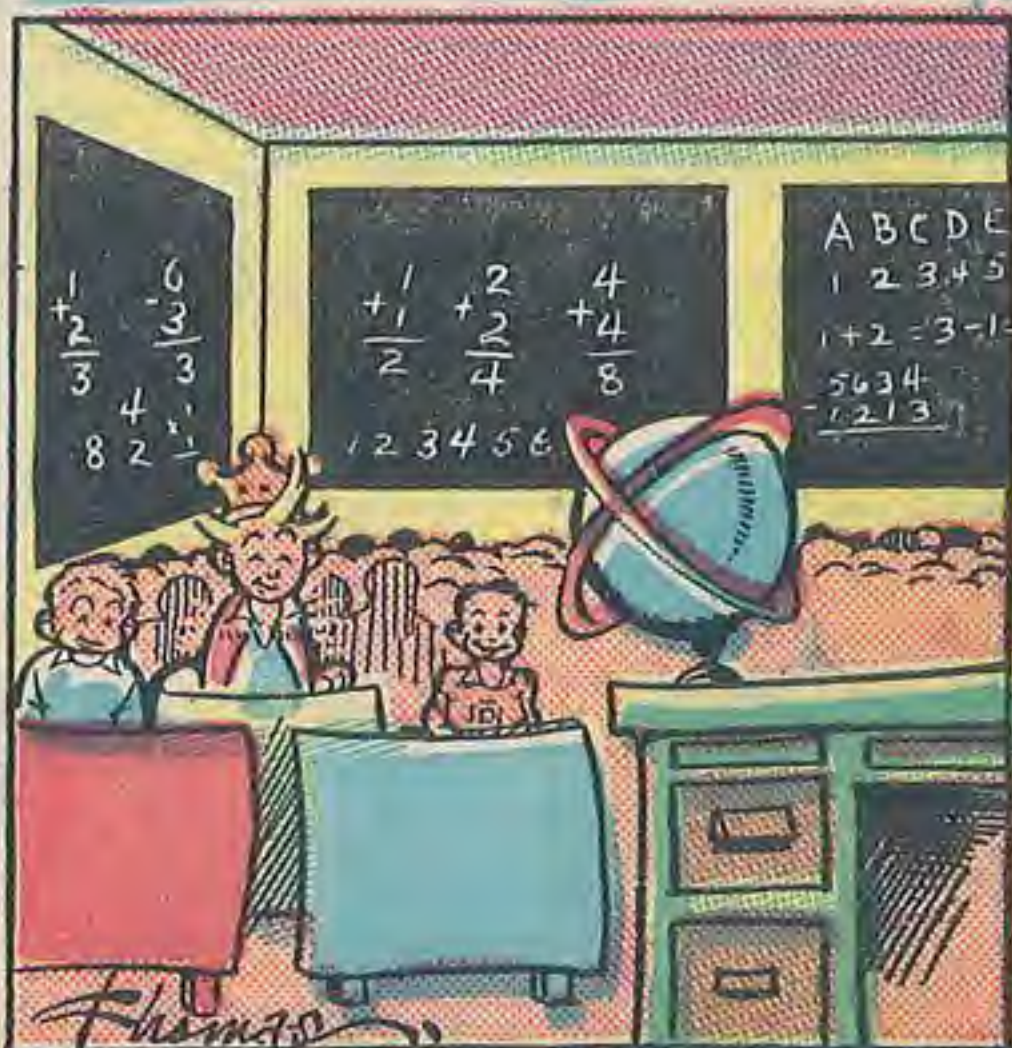
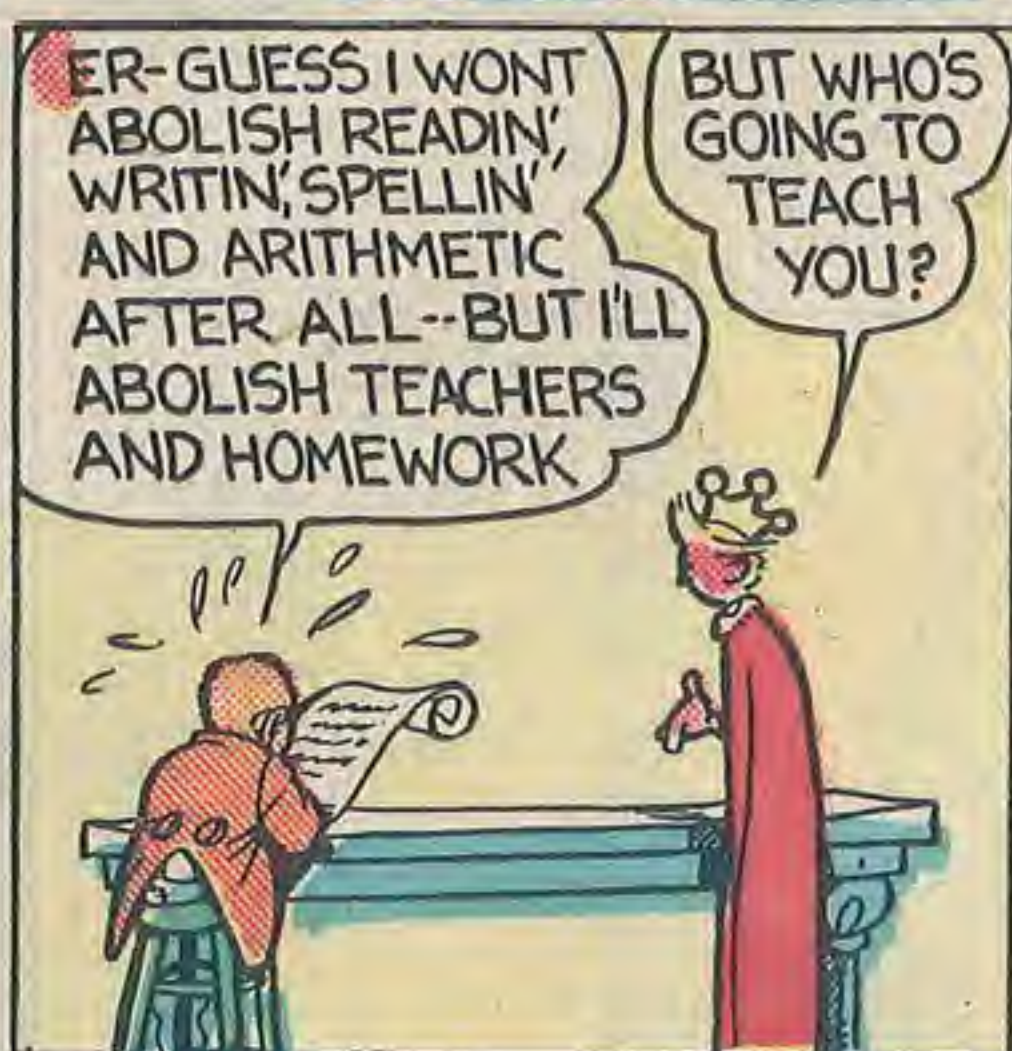
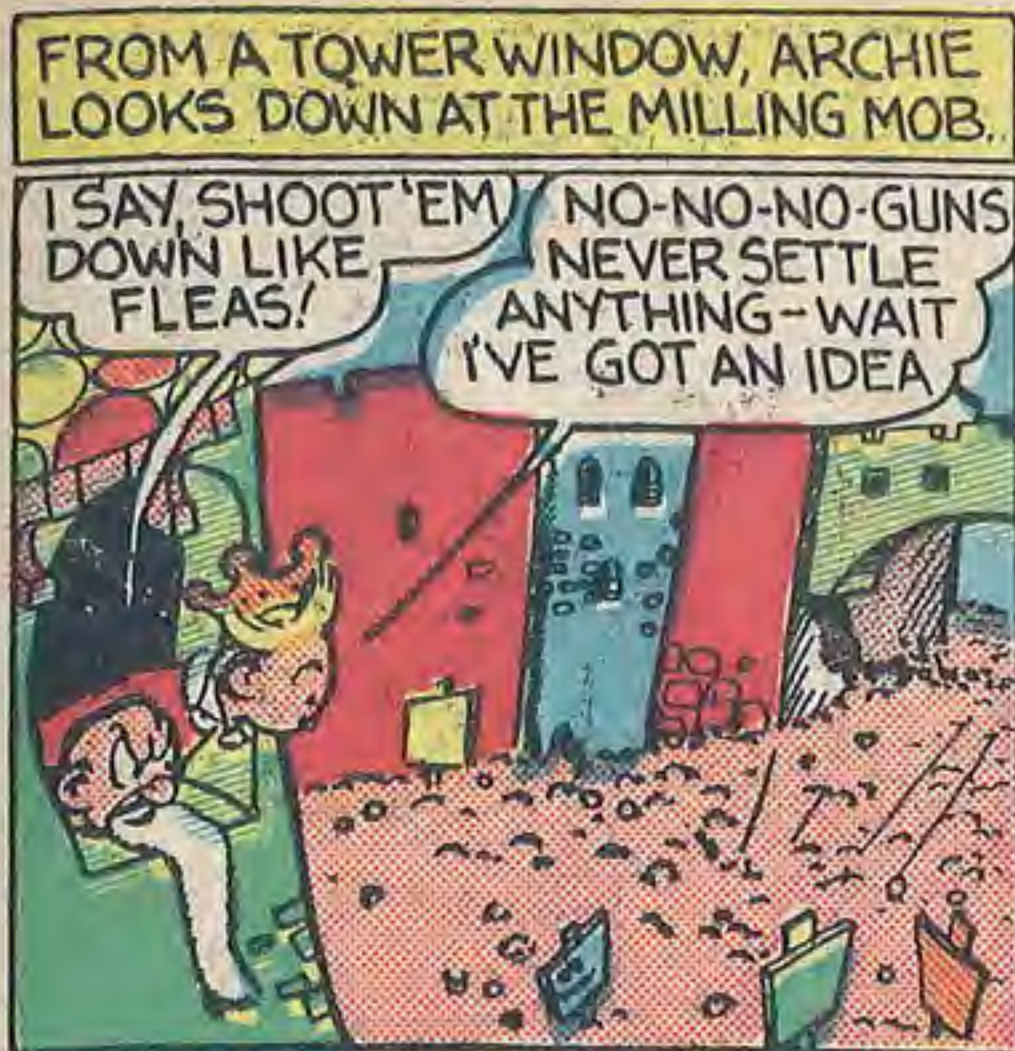
IN ARCHIE'S PALACE, A BOYS DELEGATION ARRIVES..... THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION MEETS THEM



FOR YEARS WE'VE BEEN SPANKED.. GENERATION AFTER GENERATION, THEY TALK BABY TALK TO US! THEY GET SORE IF WE ASK QUESTIONS AND WHEN WE GO TO SCHOOL, THEY GIVE US HOMEWORK--WELL, IT'S ALL GOING TO STOP NOW! 'CAUSE WE KIDS ARE GONNA RUN THINGS INSTEAD OF GROWN-UPS!









# RANCE KEANE

"THE KNIGHT  
of  
THE WEST"

WILL ARTHUR

AS THE SUN SETS ON THE DESERT IN THE HEART OF THE CATTLE COUNTRY OF THE WEST, RANCE KEANE AND HIS SADDLE PARTNER, "CHAPS" SHAW, SPUR THEIR HORSES ON TOWARD THE TOWN OF TOMBSTONE...

LOOK, RANCE, COYOTES!!

LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE CAUGHT A CALF-LET'S SCARE 'EM AWAY!!!



THE TWO ADVENTURERS DRAW THEIR SIX-SHOOTERS AND START AFTER THE VICIOUS ANIMALS... THE SHOTS IMMEDIATELY DISPERSE THE COYOTES

YIP-EE!



H-HEY. COME HERE CHAPS! IT'S NOT A CALF! IT'S A MAN!

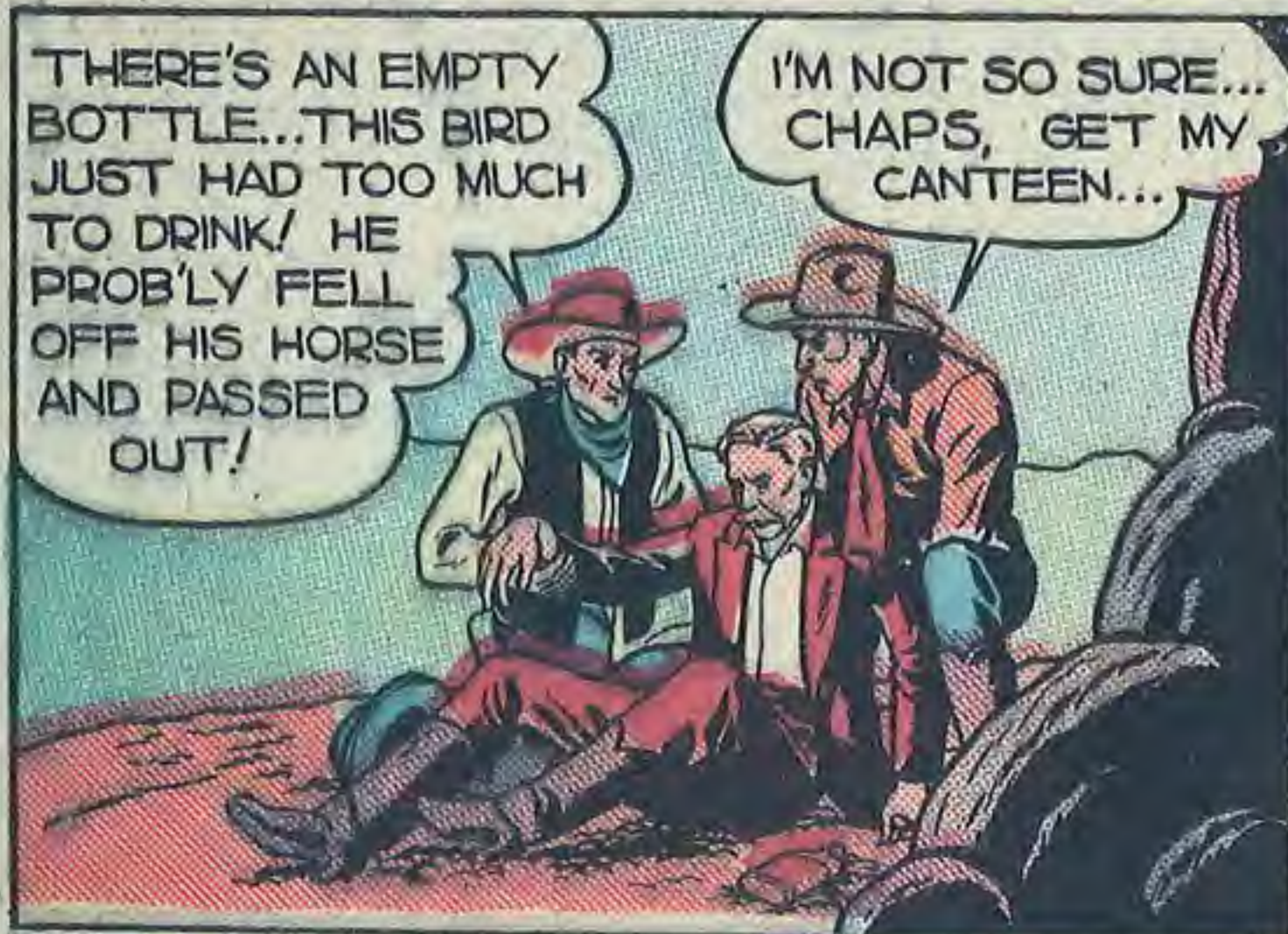


THERE'S AN EMPTY BOTTLE... THIS BIRD JUST HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK! HE PROBABLY FELL OFF HIS HORSE AND PASSED OUT!

I'M NOT SO SURE... CHAPS, GET MY CANTEEN...

WITH THE WATER FROM RANCE'S CANTEEN, CHAPS AND RANCE SOON RESTORE THE MAN TO CONSCIOUSNESS

HOW DID I GET HERE? WHO ARE YOU?

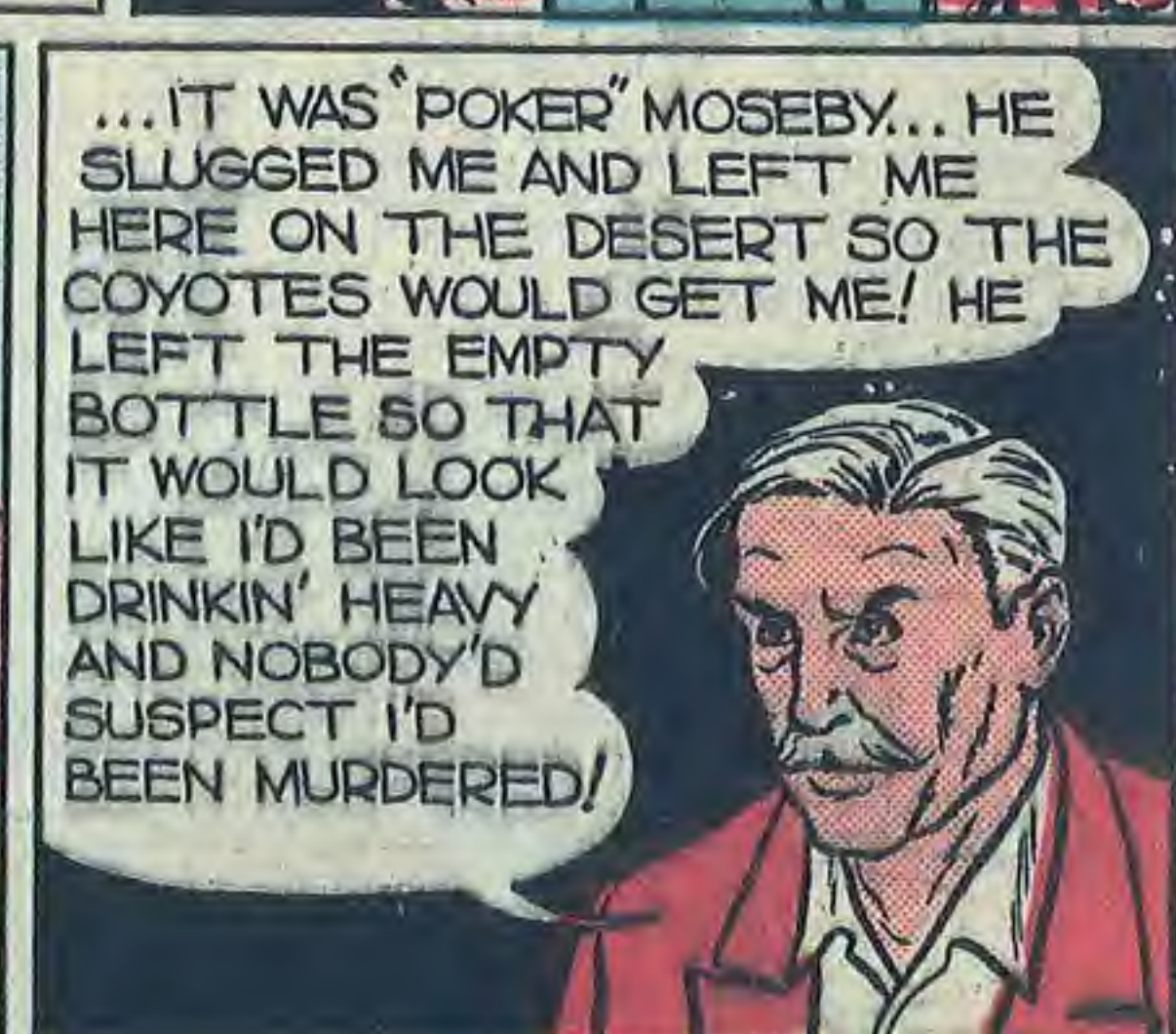


WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS!

WE SAVED YOU FROM THE COYOTES!!

OH... I BEGIN TO SEE IT ALL NOW... WHY, OF ALL THE LOWDOWN...

...IT WAS "POKER" MOSEBY... HE SLUGGED ME AND LEFT ME HERE ON THE DESERT SO THE COYOTES WOULD GET ME! HE LEFT THE EMPTY BOTTLE SO THAT IT WOULD LOOK LIKE I'D BEEN DRINKIN' HEAVY AND NOBODY'D SUSPECT I'D BEEN MURDERED!





**THE OLD MAN**  
CONTINUES...

**HE** SAYS THAT HE IS JED OSBORN, OWNER OF THE "CIRCLE-R" RANCH ON WHICH THE WATER SUPPLY FOR ALL THE NEARBY RANCHES ORIGINATES...

"POKER" MOSEBY TRIED TO BUY ME OUT, BUT WHEN I WOULDN'T SELL, HE FORCED ME, AT THE POINT OF A GUN, TO SIGN MY RANCH OVER TO HIM... HE KNEW I'D TALK IF HE DIDN'T KILL ME!!

ALL RIGHT...I'VE AN IDEA! PLEASE LOAN ME YOUR RING AND TELL ME HOW I CAN GET IN TOUCH WITH MOSEBY...

WELL, HE USUALLY HANGS OUT AT THE SILVER DOLLAR BAR!

YOU TWO LAY LOW OUT HERE AND WAIT FOR ME... I'LL RETURN BEFORE MORNING!

**RANCE** MOUNTS AND RIDES INTO THE DUSK...

**AN HOUR LATER** RANCE TIES HIS HORSE TO THE RAIL IN FRONT OF THE SILVER DOLLAR BAR...

**HE** ENTERS THE SWINGING DOORS AND STRIDES UP TO THE COUNTER...

HOWDY STRANGER!

SAY, I FOUND WHAT THE COYOTES LEFT OF A MAN OUT ON THE DESERT... DO YOU RECOGNIZE THIS RING BY ANY CHANCE?

W-WHY, THAT'S JED OSBORN'S RING!! JED'S THE OWNER OF THE "CIRCLE-R" RANCH!!

"POKER" MOSEBY, STANDING NEARBY HEARS WHAT IS BEING SAID AND STEPS OVER BESIDE RANCE....

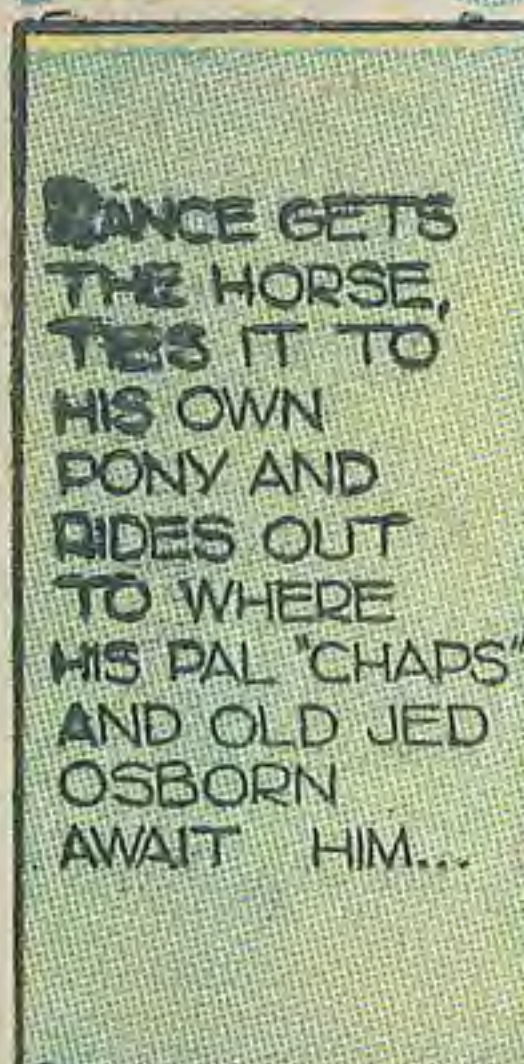
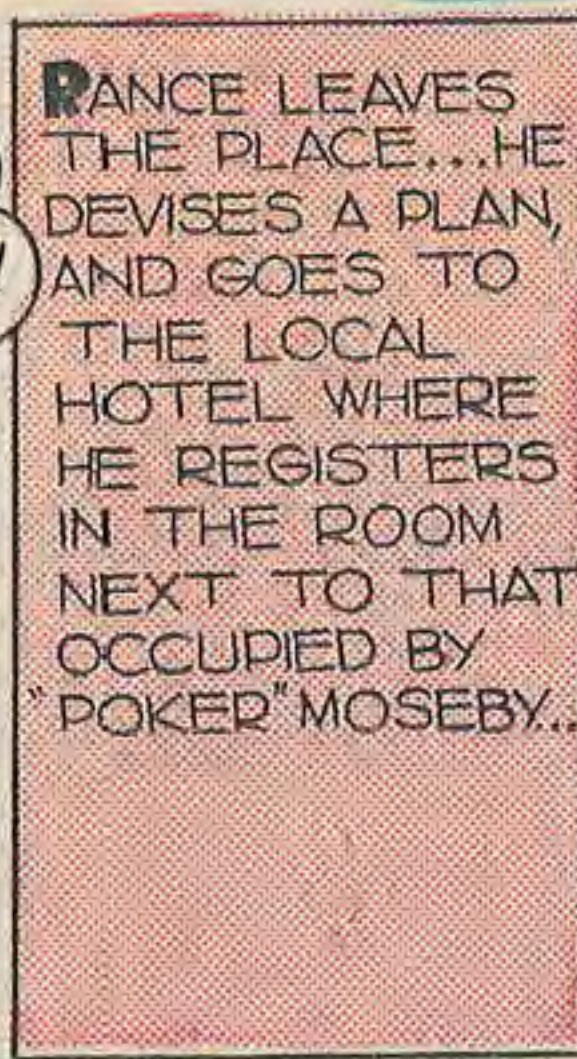
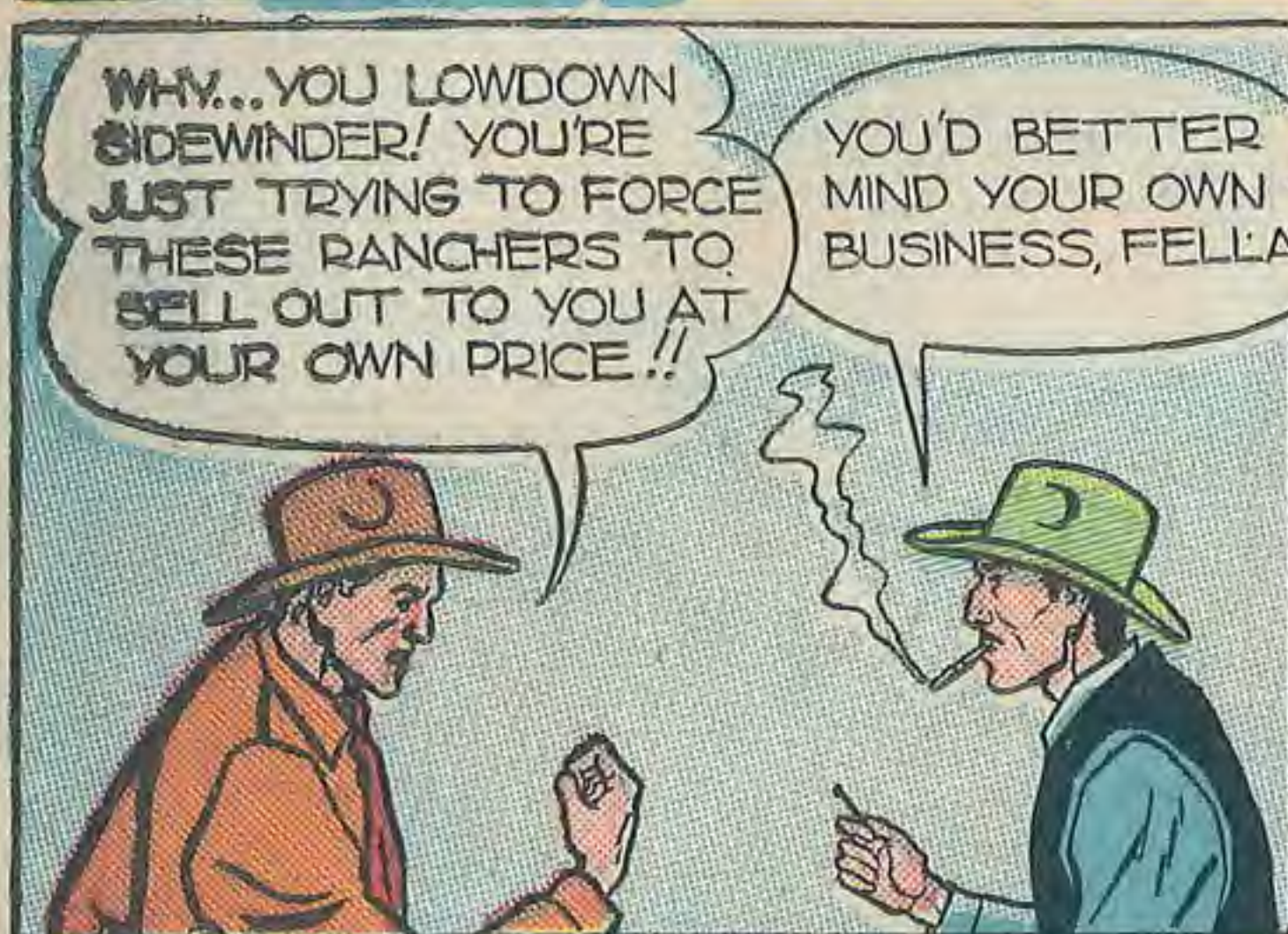
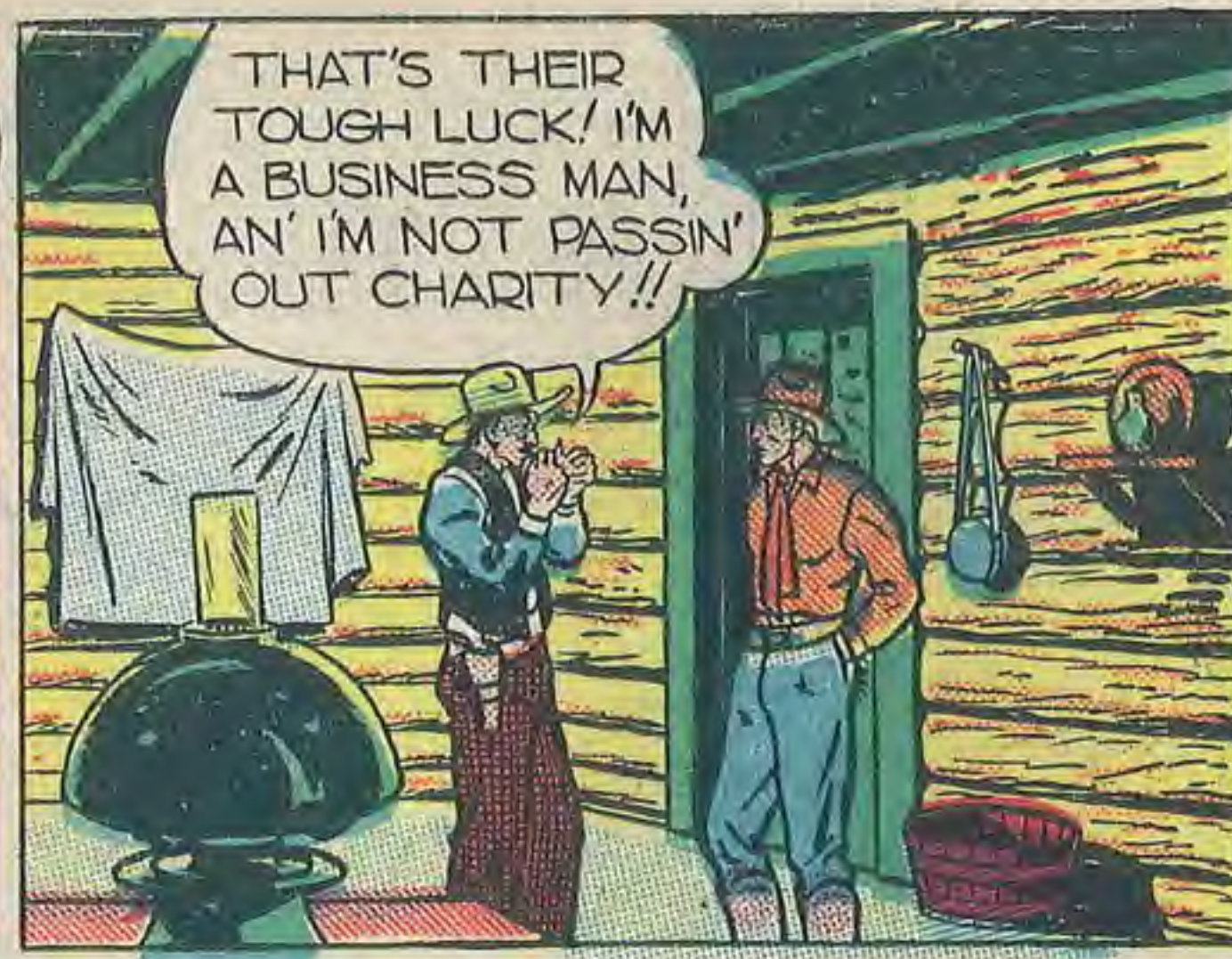
YOU MEAN HE **WAS** THE OWNER!! I BOUGHT THE "CIRCLE-R" THIS AFTERNOON!!

OH...IS THAT SO? WHY...ER I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU IN PRIVATE!!

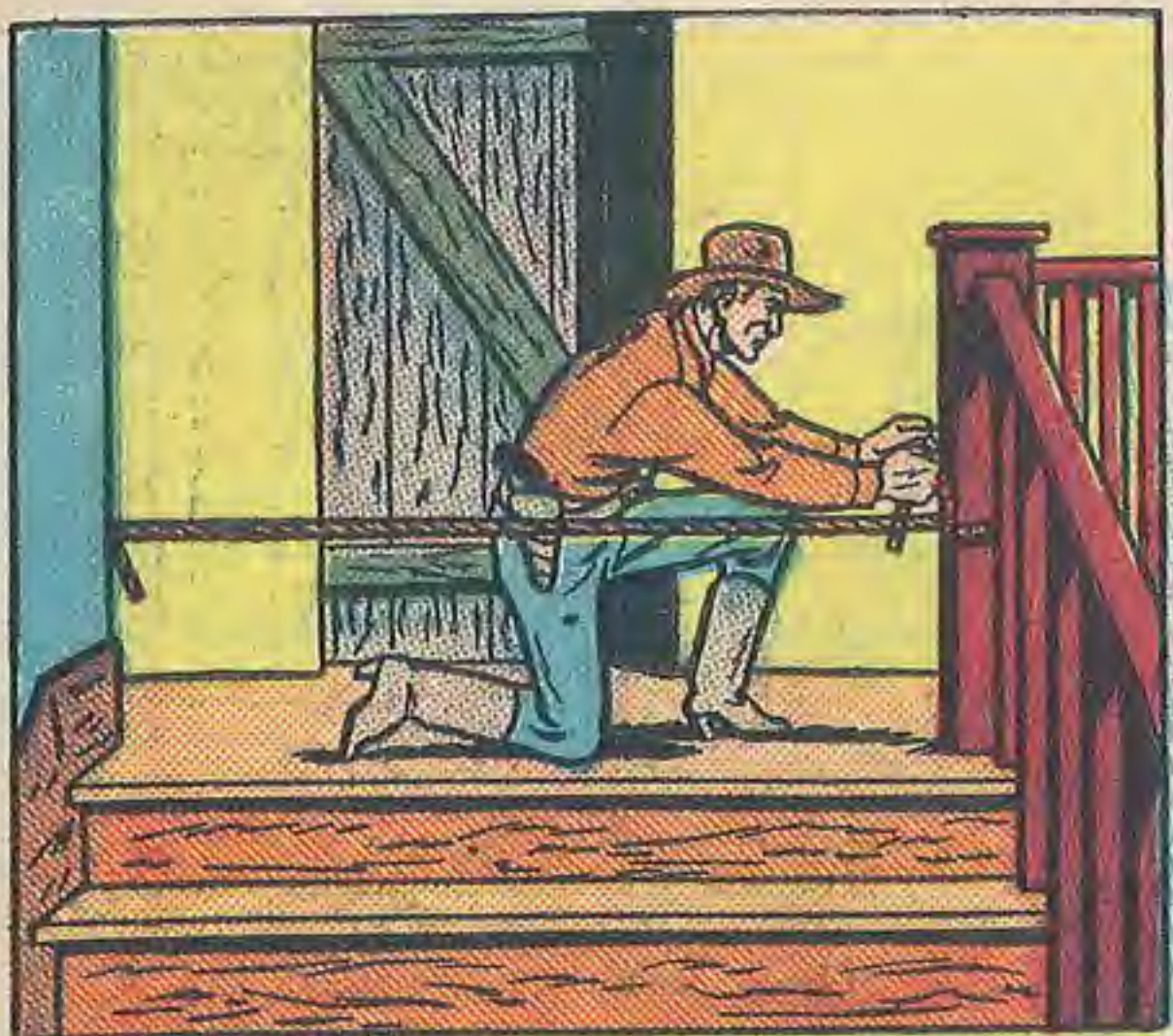
SURE!!











AFTER STRETCHING THE ROPE ACROSS THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, RANCE GOES TO THE LOBBY AND WAITS...

MEANWHILE...JED, WRAPPED IN A SHEET FROM THE BED, QUIETLY CLIMBS INTO THE WINDOW OF "POKER'S" ROOM...



AS JED ENTERS THE ROOM WITHOUT AWAKENING MOSEBY AND TAKES HIS POST AT THE FOOT OF THE CROOK'S BED... SUDDENLY THE QUIET OF THE NIGHT IS BROKEN BY THE HOWL OF A COYOTE...



POKER IS STARTLED FROM HIS SLEEP...

OH!!...W-WHAT?? COYOTES!! JED OSBORN! IT-IT'S A GHOST!



LET ME OUT OF HERE!!

WHITE WITH FEAR, "POKER" MOSEBY DASHES OUT THE DOOR TOWARD THE STAIRWAY.... HE HITS THE ROPE, AND....



HELP!



OH! SAVE ME! IT'S THE GHOST OF JED OSBORN!! IT'S COME BACK TO HAUNT ME...I-KILLED HIM...KEEP IT AWAY FROM ME!!

OKAY, JED...COME ON DOWN, THE PARTY'S OVER... THAT'S ALL WE WANTED TO KNOW!

LATER, WHEN MOSEBY IS SAFELY BEHIND BARS, JED EXPRESSES HIS THANKS TO RANCE KEANE, THE KNIGHT OF THE WEST, AND TO HIS PARTNER, CHAPS...



MY BOY, YOU'VE DONE ME A GREAT SERVICE! I'D LIKE YOU AND CHAPS TO SHARE MY RANCH WITH ME...

THANKS JED, BUT WE'RE TWO HOMBRES WHO CAN'T STAY PUT IN ANY ONE PLACE!!



# TODDY

BY  
GEORGE MARCOUX



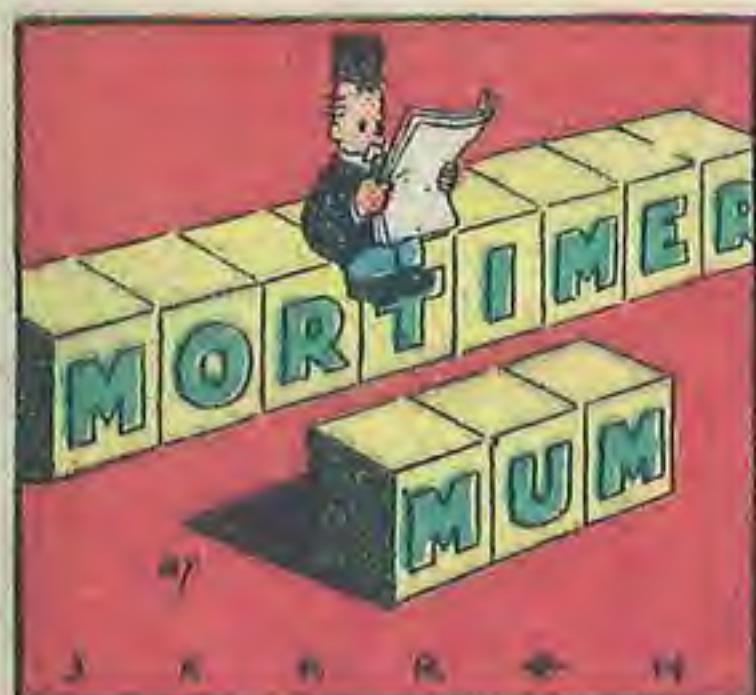
# Mortimer Mum





# TODDY

BY  
GEORGE MARCOUX



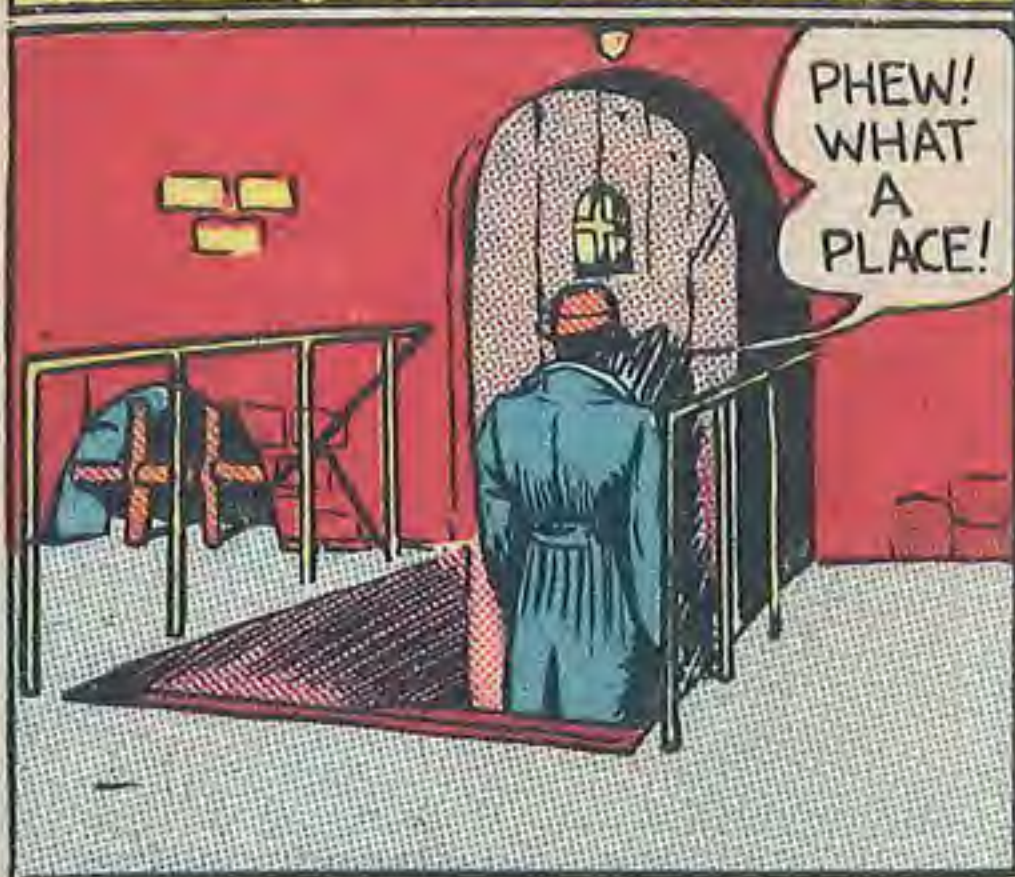
More of Toddy and Mortimer Mum in the August issue—on sale June 30th.







THROUGH A GRATED DOOR, A REMNANT OF THE PROHIBITION ERA, "BLACK X" ENTERS A SMOKY DIVE....













# BIG TOP BY ED WHEELAN

MR. STOCKTON, THE BANKER, PUTS ON HIS CLOWN ACT WITH THE HELP OF "FLIP" AND "RED"...



HEY, MISTER!! LOOK OUT--YOU'LL CATCH ON FIRE!



I'LL FIX YA FOR THAT!



HAW!



AND RIGHT UP AMONG THE BANKERS OWN FRIENDS IT'S NOT WATER! IT'S ONLY BITS OF PAPER!



WHEN THE SHOW IS OVER THE BANKER IS PRAISED FOR HIS WORK



AND AT DINNER IN THE COOK TENT



MEANWHILE, WITH SILK FOWLER---



SILK SOON MEETS ONE OF HIS CROOKED CO-WORKERS--



MEANWHILE, THE BOSS TENT RIGGER LOOKS AT THE SKY--



BUT THE STORM HOLDS OFF--AND WITH A BIG CROWD AT THE EVENING SHOW, HAL THOMPSON'S GREAT WIRE-SLIDE ACT IS TO BE ANNOUNCED BY SILK



KNOWING THAT HAL'S WIRE STAKES ARE LOOSE, SILK HAPPILY ANNOUNCES THE DANGEROUS ACT---



AND UNAWARE OF HIS DANGER, HAL SMILES AS HE CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF THE TENT--



SUDDENLY, THE STORM WHICH THREATENED NOW BROKE IN ALL ITS FURY!! A BOLT OF LIGHTNING STRIKES ONE OF THE MAIN "BIG TOP" POLES---



A SECTION OF THE BIG SPLINTERED POLE FALLS ON SILK AS HE FLEES!!



THE CROWD IS IN AN UPROAR, AND MANY BEGIN A RUSH FROM THEIR SEATS!



JEFF BANGS TRIES TO RESTORE ORDER-- PLEASE STAY IN YOUR SEATS! THE TENT IS WELL SUPPORTED-- IT WILL NOT FALL!!



MEANWHILE, SILK FOWLER IS CARRIED TO THE REAR OF THE TENT---





# BIG TOP BY ED WHEELAN

AS THE CIRCUS TRAIN REACHES OTISBURG, TOM DAY, THE ADVANCE MAN, HURRIES IN TO SEE JEFF--

JEFF, STINGER BROS. PLAYED HERE YESTERDAY AND COVERED OUR ADS--- IT LOOKS LIKE A BAD DAY FOR US TODAY---



THAT SETTLES IT!! WITH ALL THIS BAD LUCK OF OURS, SUCH AS SILK FOWLER BEING KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS ETC. WE'RE GOING TO CHANGE OUR ROUTE--AND WORK SOUTH TO WINTER QUARTERS!!



'SCUSE ME, MISTAH BANGS--BUT HEAH IS A TELEGRAM FO' YO, SUH!



HMM--IT SAYS THAT SILK IS STILL IN A COMA--DOCTORS CAN'T DECIDE WHAT THE TROUBLE IS--THEY MAY HAVE TO OPERATE ON HIM!! TCH!!--TOO BAD---



LATER, AT THE "COOK TENT"

GOOD MORNING, UNCLE JEFF-- ANY WORD ABOUT SILK?



YES--THEY DON'T KNOW HOW BADLY HE'S INJURED, MYRA!

DIDJA HEAR THE NEWS, BOYS?? WE'RE GONNA CHANGE OUR ROUTE AN' WORK SOUTH TO WINTER QUARTERS! HOW D'YA LIKE THAT?



WELL, THE SOONER THE SHOW CLOSES, MYRA, THE SOONER WE CAN BE MARRIED, DEAR!



OH, HAL!! SOMEHOW IT SEEMS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!!

DON'T WORRY, HONEY--- ONCE THE SEASON'S OVER THERE'S NOTHING TO PREVENT OUR BEING MARRIED!!



MEANWHILE, SAM STINGER, OWNER OF THE STINGER BROS. CIRCUS HAS PLENTY TO WORRY ABOUT---

I'M OKAY IF SILK DON'T START TALKIN' WHILE HE'S UNCONSCIOUS--AN' WHY DON'T THOSE HOLD-UP MEN REPORT T'IME!!



AS THE PROPERTY MEN GO TO EXAMINE THE STAKES WHICH HOLD HAL'S "SLIDE FOR LIFE" WIRE---



WE GOTTA BE SURE THESE ARE OKAY--YEP--THEY'RE ALL RIGHT!!



AND HAL THOMPSON HAS ALREADY BEGUN HIS DARING SLIDE!!



AND BACK WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS SILK FOWLER AND DR. AMES.

I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL AT ONCE!!



HAL, I'M SORRY FOR SILK--BUT I'D FEEL MUCH RELIEVED IF HE DIDN'T JOIN THE SHOW AGAIN!! YOU DIDN'T KNOW, BUT BEFORE THIS SEASON OPENED, SILK REALLY PROPOSED TO ME!



AND YOU TURNED HIM DOWN--AND HE GOT MEAN!



GOSH, DAD--D'YA THINK SILK IS HURT VERY BAD?



I DON'T KNOW, RED--THEY DON'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND JUST WHAT IS THE TROUBLE WITH HIM! HE'S A VERY STRANGE FELLA!



SAY, LOTTA--I THINK THERE'S A BAD LUCK JINX ON THIS CIRCUS--- MAYBE WE SHOULD LOOK FOR A NEW JOB NEXT YEAR!



CONTINUED

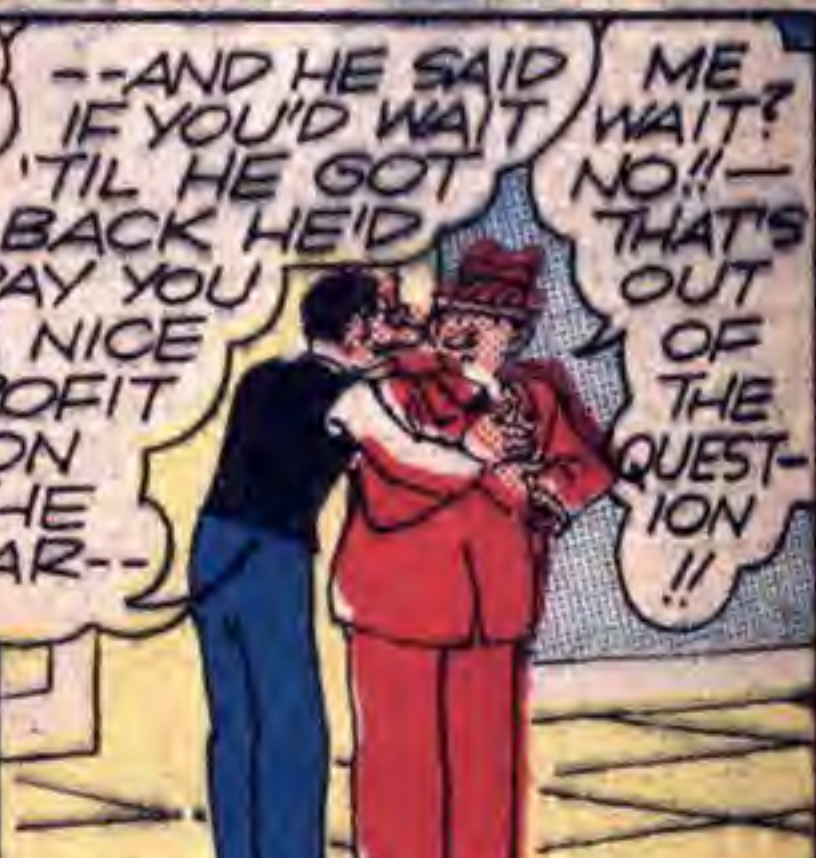




## THE BUNGLE FAMILY

SOLD!

By H. J. TUTHILL  
McNIGHT Syndicate, Inc., N. Y.







## THE BUNGLE FAMILY

## EDUCATION

By H. J. TUTHILL  
McNought Book Co., Inc., N. Y.







## THE BUNGLE FAMILY

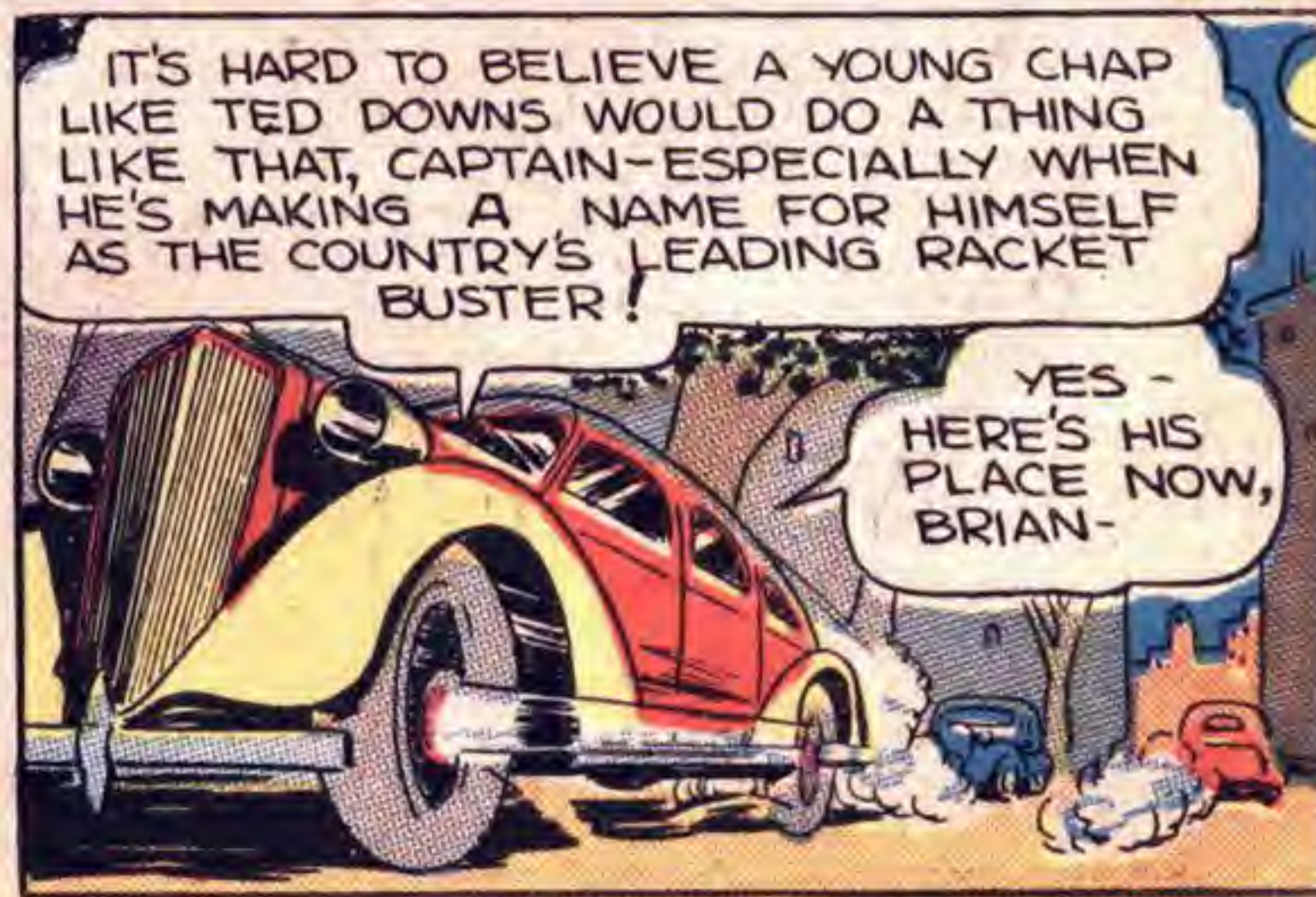
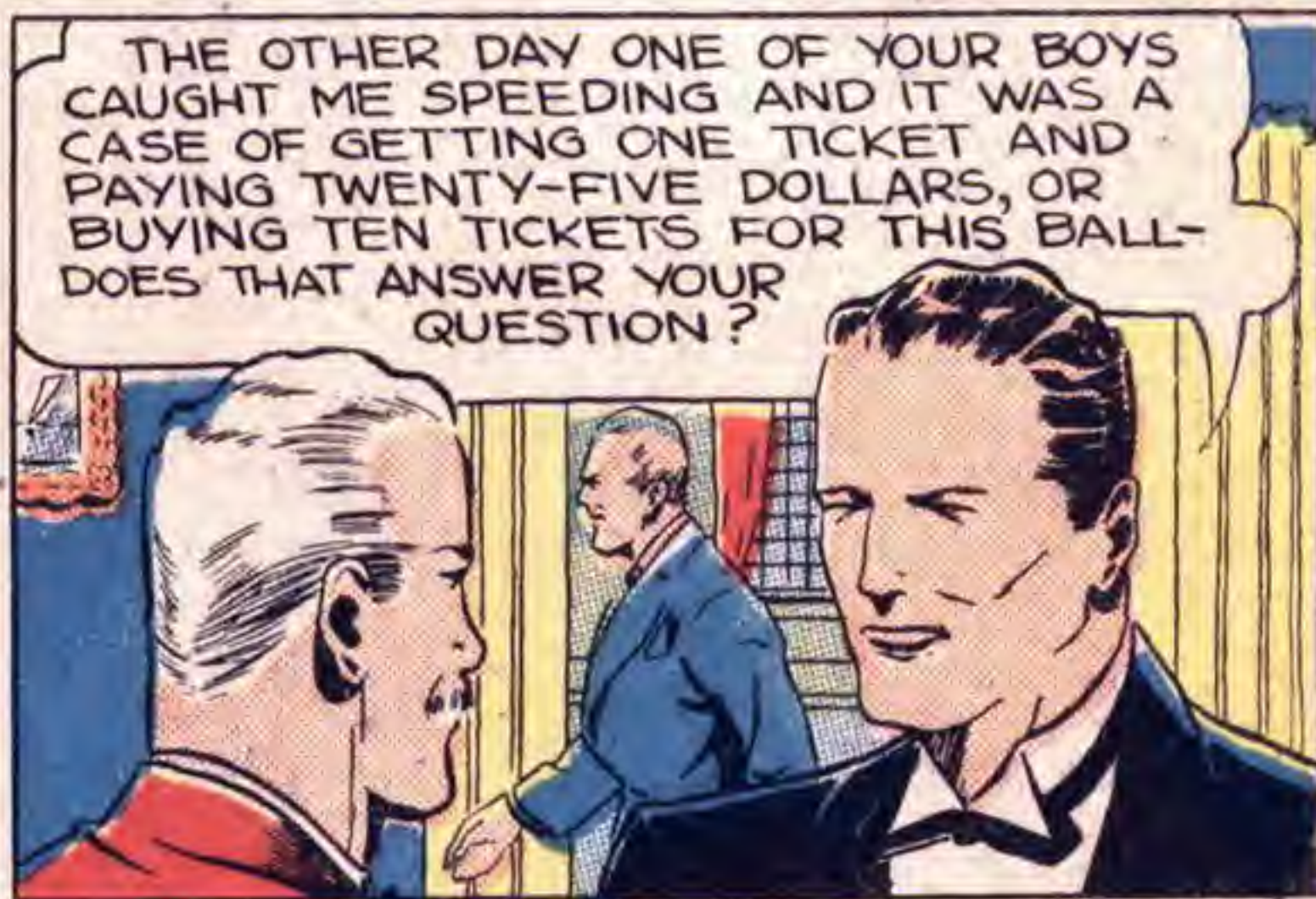
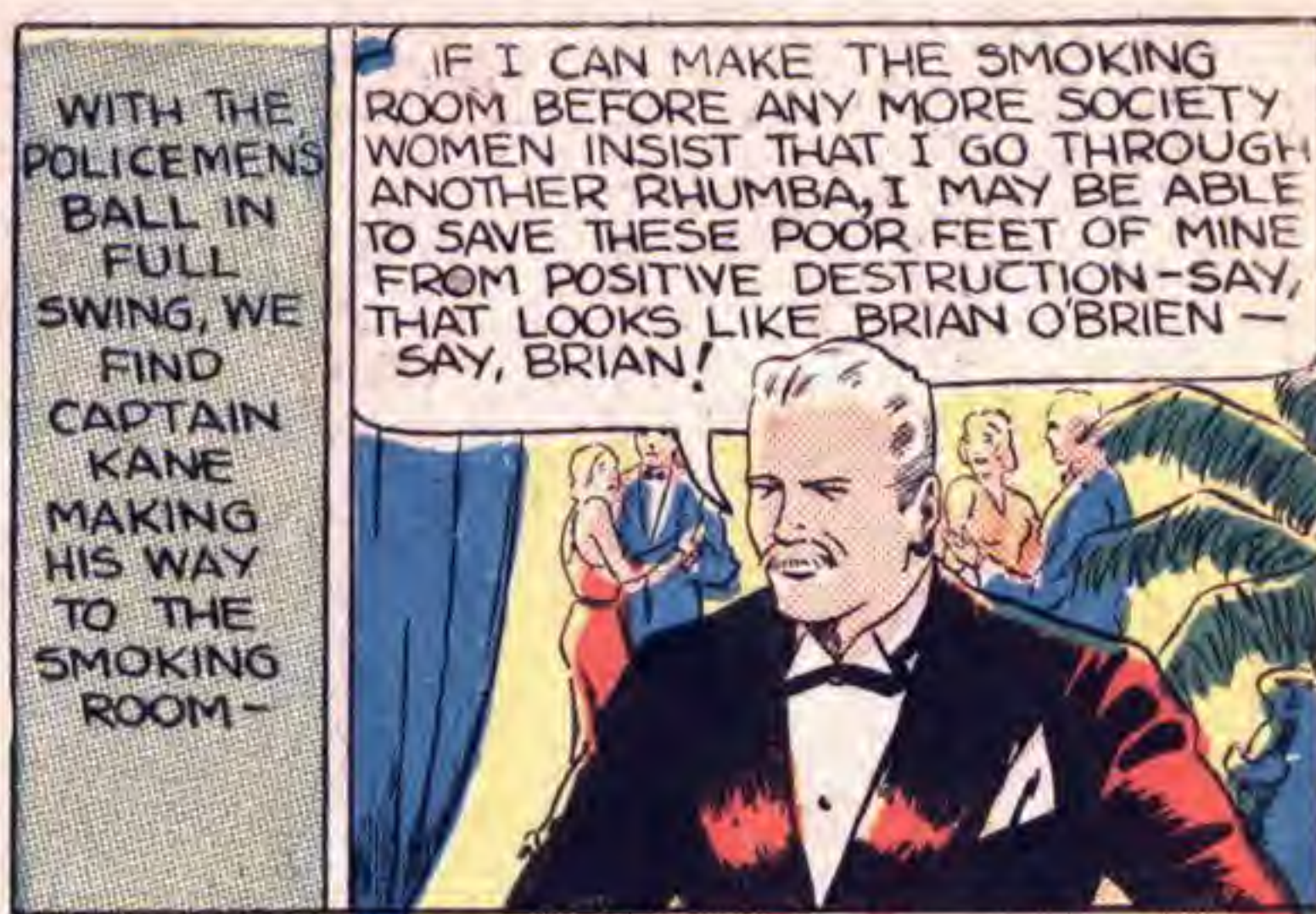
GEORGE KNOWS WHEN TO QUIT.

By H. J. TUTHILL  
McNally Smith, Inc., N. Y.



Follow The Bungles in the August issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale June 30th.

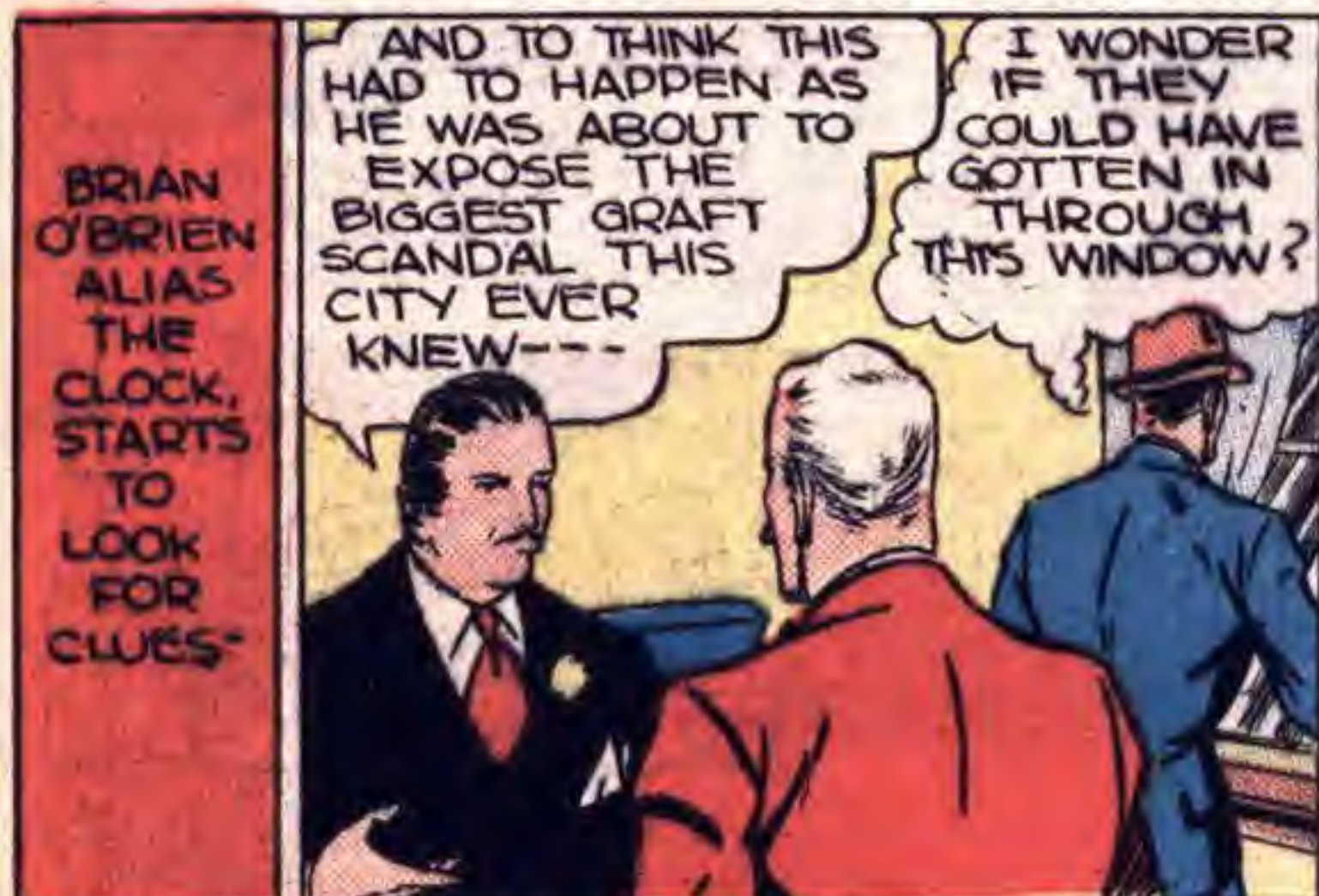
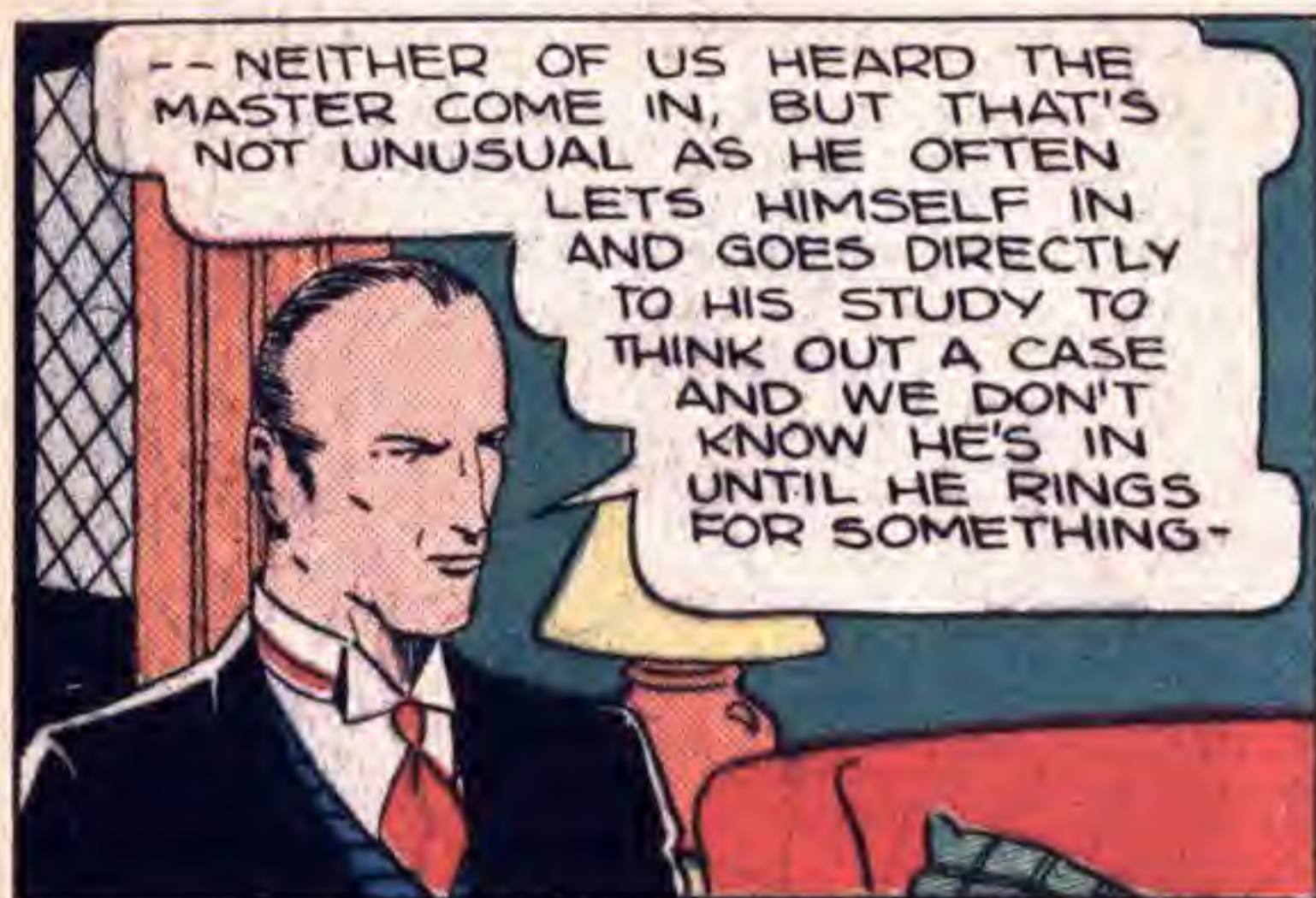












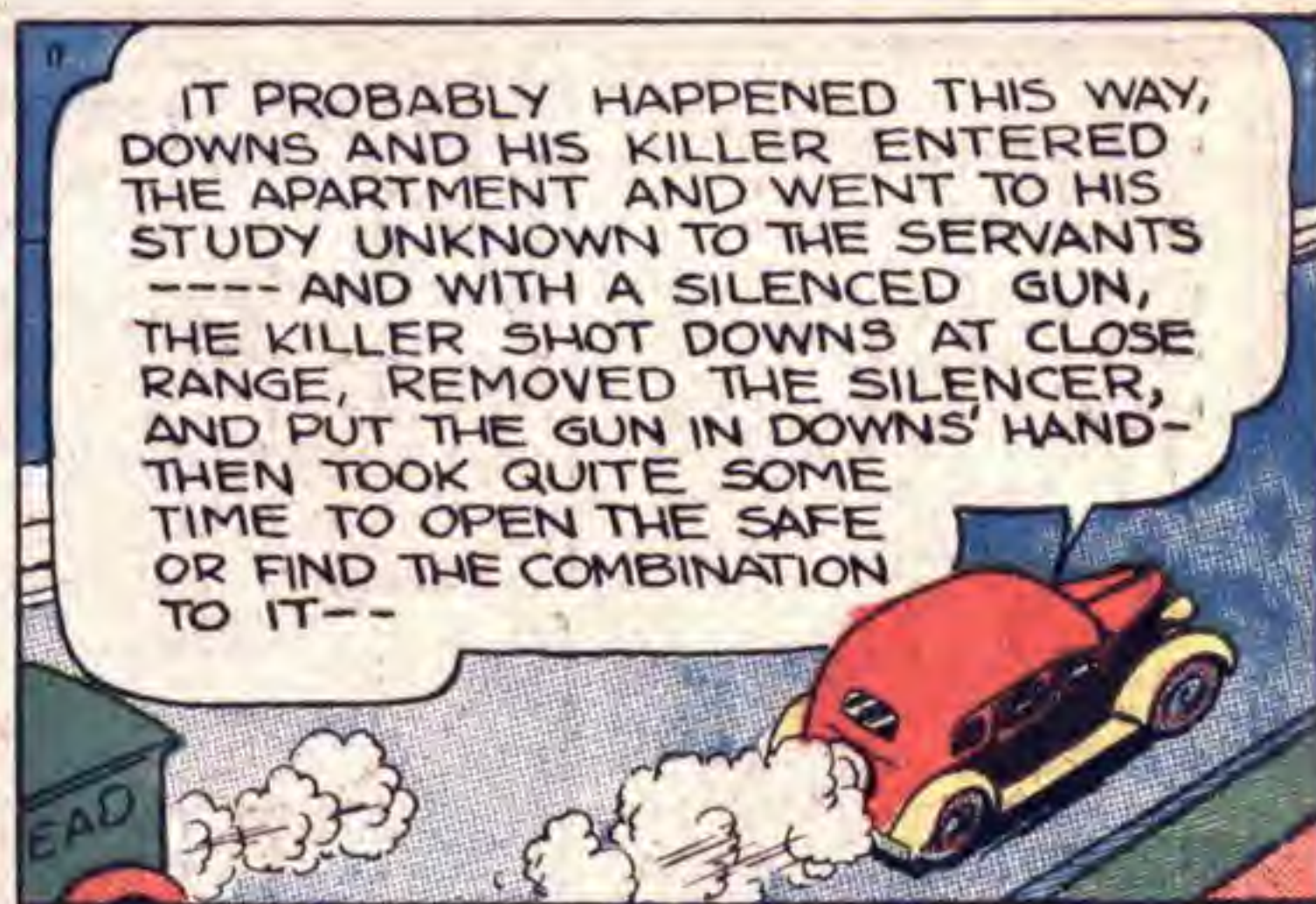








THIS TELLS THE WHOLE STORY, I THINK I'LL PAY DOWNS' MURDERER A VISIT---



IT PROBABLY HAPPENED THIS WAY, DOWNS AND HIS KILLER ENTERED THE APARTMENT AND WENT TO HIS STUDY UNKNOWN TO THE SERVANTS ---- AND WITH A SILENCED GUN, THE KILLER SHOT DOWNS AT CLOSE RANGE, REMOVED THE SILENCER, AND PUT THE GUN IN DOWNS' HAND-- THEN TOOK QUITE SOME TIME TO OPEN THE SAFE OR FIND THE COMBINATION TO IT--

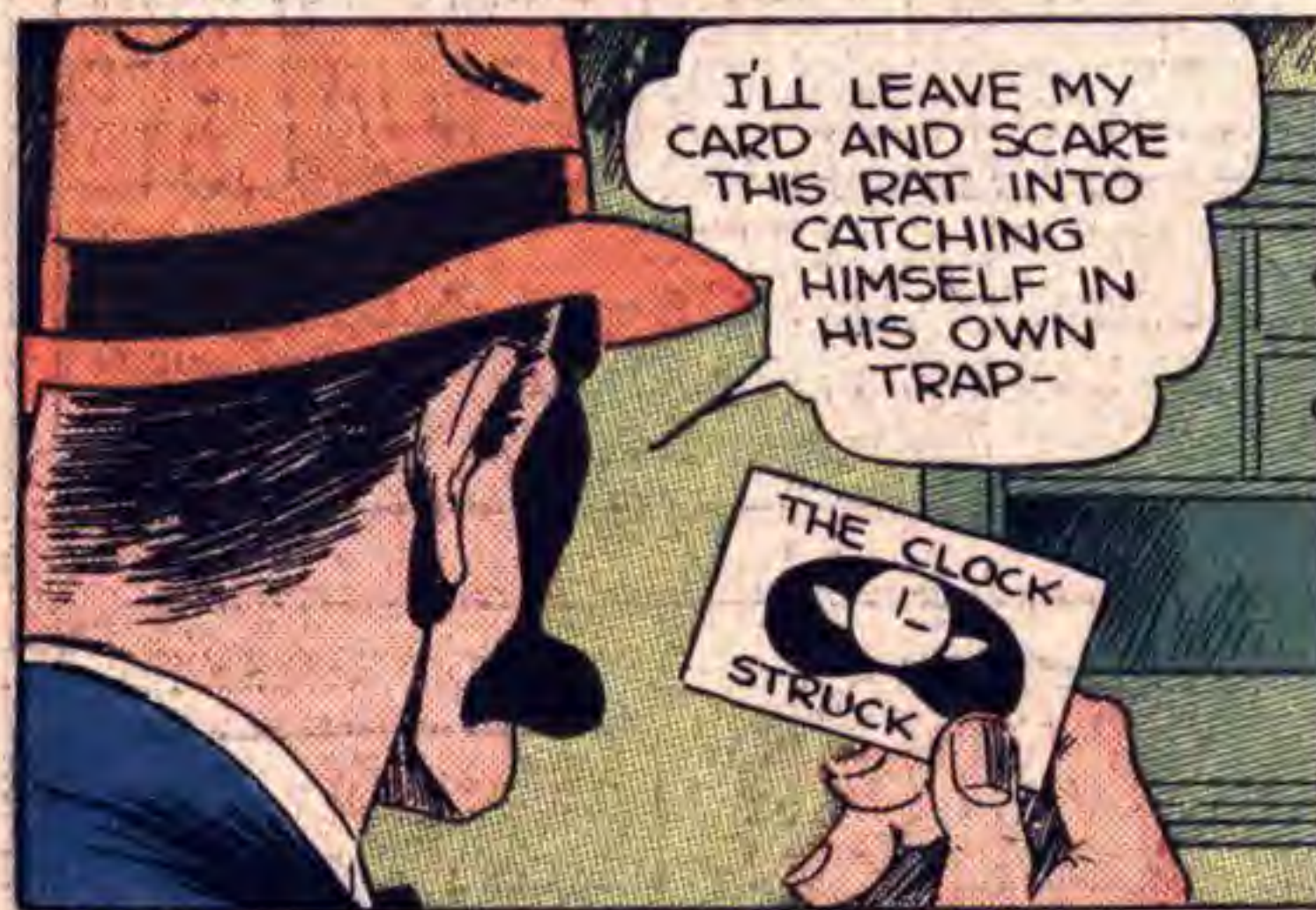


-- HE SECURED THE EVIDENCE -- THEN LIT A FIRECRACKER AND TOSSED IT INTO THE COURTYARD SO IT SOUNDED LIKE A GUN-SHOT, AND THEN SLIPPED OUT OF THE HOUSE BEFORE THE SERVANTS CAME -- HERE WE ARE --

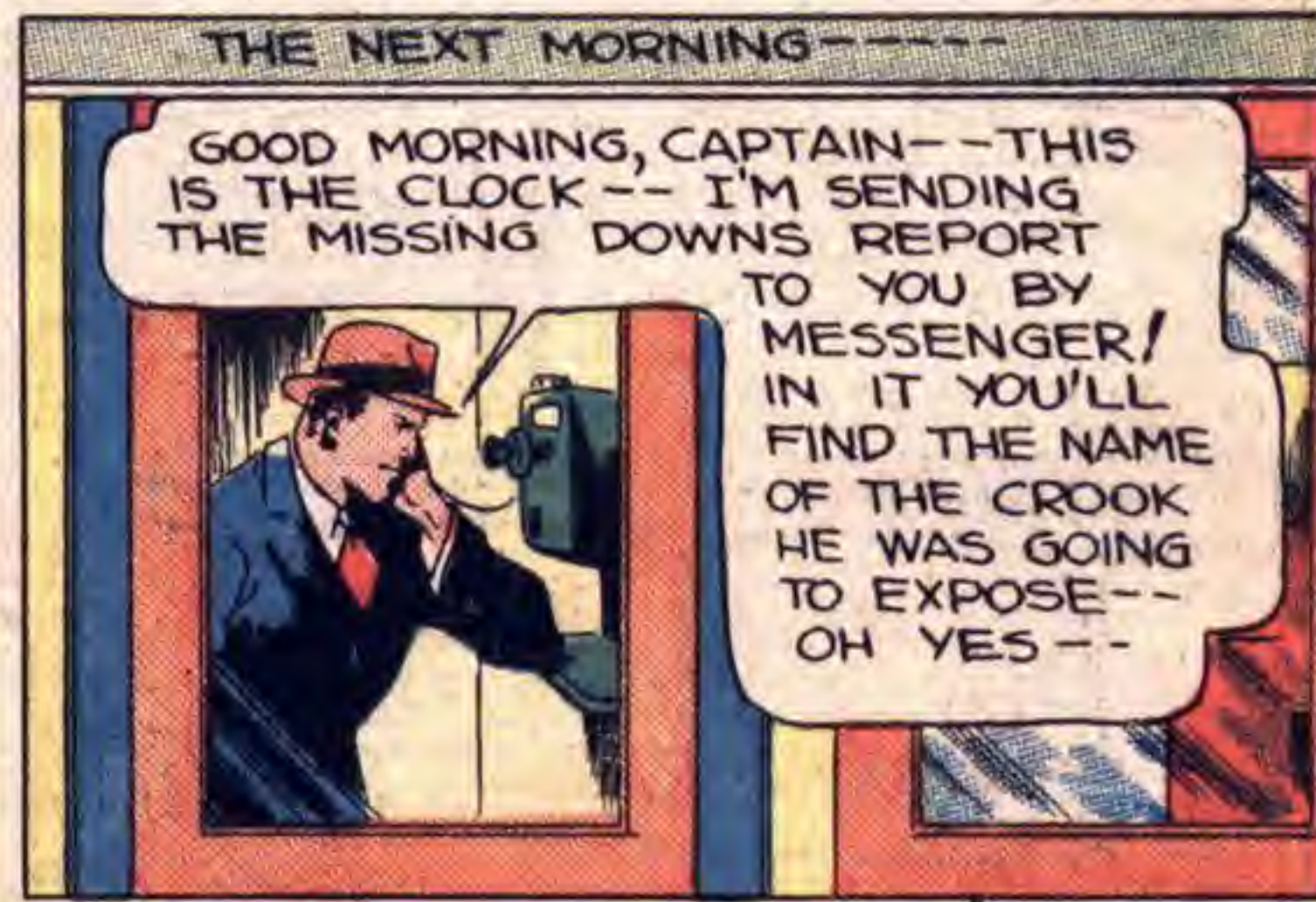


THE CLOCK ENTERS THE MURDERER'S HOME AND HAS LITTLE TROUBLE OPENING THE SAFE--

--JUST AS I THOUGHT-- DOWNS' REPORT ON THE GRAFT SCANDAL--

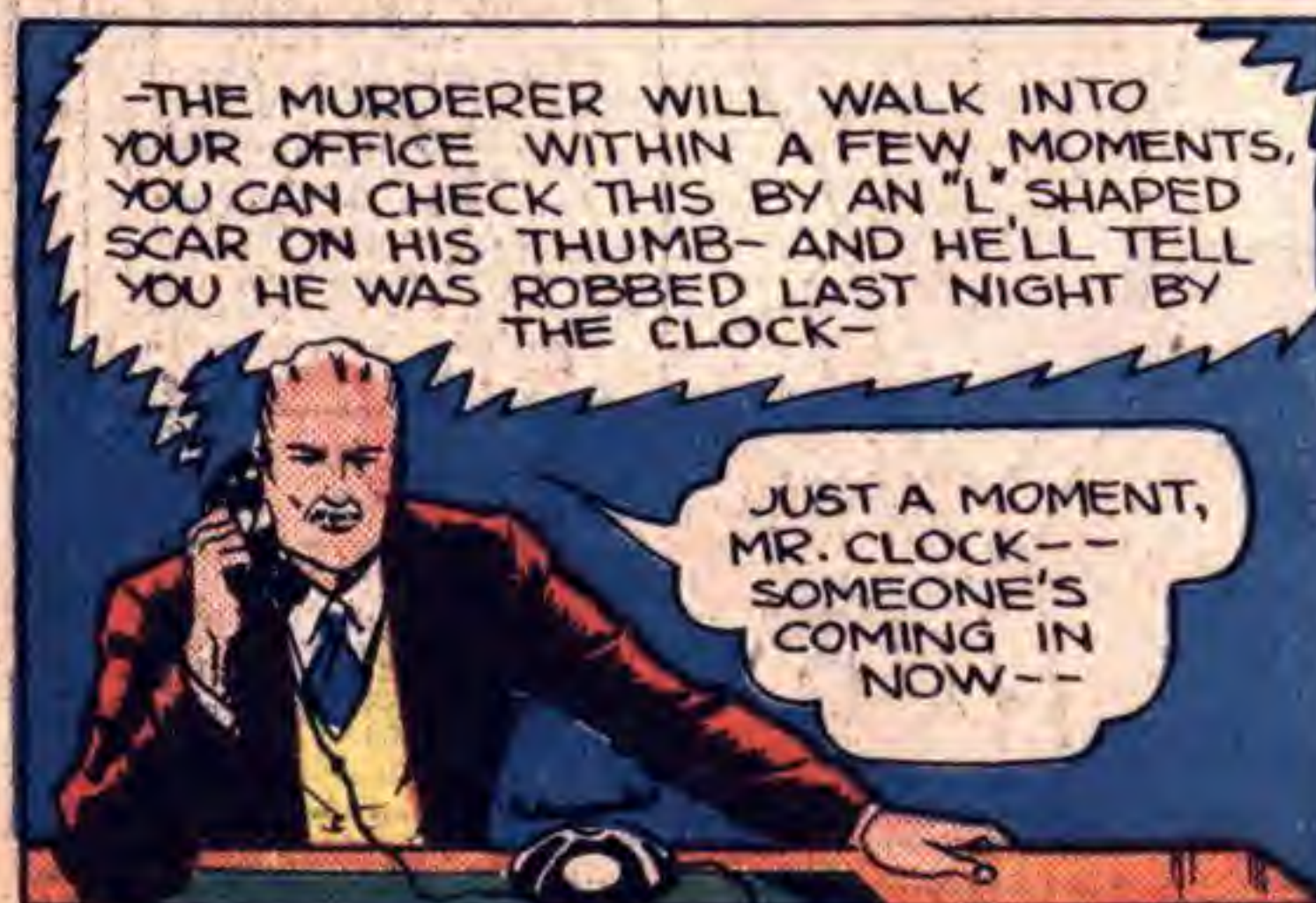


I'LL LEAVE MY CARD AND SCARE THIS RAT INTO CATCHING HIMSELF IN HIS OWN TRAP--



THE NEXT MORNING --

GOOD MORNING, CAPTAIN-- THIS IS THE CLOCK -- I'M SENDING THE MISSING DOWNS REPORT TO YOU BY MESSENGER! IN IT YOU'LL FIND THE NAME OF THE CROOK HE WAS GOING TO EXPOSE-- OH YES --



--THE MURDERER WILL WALK INTO YOUR OFFICE WITHIN A FEW MOMENTS, YOU CAN CHECK THIS BY AN "L" SHAPED SCAR ON HIS THUMB-- AND HE'LL TELL YOU HE WAS ROBBED LAST NIGHT BY THE CLOCK--

JUST A MOMENT, MR. CLOCK-- SOMEONE'S COMING IN NOW--



KANE, I WANT A DRAGNET PUT OUT FOR THE CLOCK IMMEDIATELY-- HE --

MAYOR TULL, I ARREST YOU FOR THE MURDER OF TED DOWNS!

THAT'S YOUR MAN, CAPTAIN!



# THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About Ted Lyons' Terrible Disappointment

The youthful Chicago White Sox pitcher is standing the Washington Senators on their eyebrows.



1

For eight innings he hasn't allowed a hit or a run.



2



3

Ninth inning: One out. Two out. Fans are holding their breaths at each pitch. Bob Veach, Washington right fielder, comes to bat.



Gone is Lyons' great opportunity, closed are the doors to baseball's hall of fame as Veach singles sharply for the only hit of the ball game.

4



And here's Ted Lyons, who pitched Chicago to a 17 to 0 win that day, Sept. 19, 1925, at Washington.

5



# Lata Palooza

By RUBE GOLDBERG

Registered U. S. Patent Office





# Lulu Palooza

By RUBE GOLDBERG

Registered U. S. Patent Office



HERE WE HAVE VINCENT'S EGG-SHAPED, SELF-FINDING GOLF BALL!! WHEN BALL IS LOST, PHEASANT FINDS IT AND TRIES TO HATCH IT-- DOGS FIND PHEASANT, THEN HUNTERS FIND BALLOWNERS!



VINCENT, DON'T YOU FEEL IT--DON'T YOU HEAR IT--DON'T YOU SEE IT?? WHY, SPRING IS IN THE AIR!!

HO HUM--SO THAT'S WHAT MADE ME SLEEPY!



SIS, I'M GONNA PARK HERE-- YOU GO AHEAD AND ENJOY THE SPRING!

I FEEL SO GAY--I'M SURE MY DREAM MAN MUST BE CLOSE AT HAND NOW--



EVERY LITTLE FLOWER SEEMS TO RAISE ITS HEAD AND SAY, "I LOVE YOU"--TRA-LA-LA!!



OHH!! GO 'WAY--LEAVE MY BAG ALONE, YOU HORRID MAN!! GO 'WAY--



HELP!! HELP!!



YOU RASCAL! HOW DARE YOU ANNOY A CHARMING LADY ON SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DAY!!



SUCH BRAVERY!! SUCH GALLANTRY!--HE MUST BE MY DREAM MAN!

BEGONE, INSECT--INTO THAT MUD WHERE YOU BELONG!



HERE IS YOUR BAG, SWEET ONE!!

OH!! YOU WERE SO WONDERFUL--



HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU, SIR?

IT WAS NOTHING AT ALL--HERE IS MY CARD!



DON'T FORGET, MR. SASHWEIGHT--TEA TOMORROW AT FIVE--

ADIOS, SWEET FLOWER--TIL WE MEET TOMORROW!!



--AND HE DASHED TO MY RESCUE AND KICKED THE BUM INTO THE POND!! HE WAS SO MODEST--

SO GALLANT--SO MANLY!!

IT SOUNDS KINDA FISHY TO ME, SIS!



C'MON--GIMME THE FIVE BUCKS YOU PROMISED ME FOR THE JOB!

DON'T RUSH ME, PERCY--THERE'S LOTS MORE IN IT IF WE PLAY OUR CARDS RIGHT!



# Lala Palooza

BY RUBE GOLDBERG

VINCENT'S INVENTION  
FOR CHICKENS THAT  
STEAL NEWLY PLANTED  
SEED—WHEN THE  
CHICKEN DROPS  
ITS HEAD  
HAMMER  
TAPS OUT NEW  
SEED TO REPLACE  
STOLEN ONE—



AH—MY CHICKADEE!! I HAD  
A TERRIBLE TIME GETTING  
AWAY FROM MY ADMIRERS  
AT THE POLO FIELD!



OH, MISTER  
SASHWEIGHT--  
TELL ME  
ABOUT  
THE GAME!!

WELL, IT WAS THE  
LAST SECOND OF  
PLAY--I WAS RIDING  
MY \$5000 PONY--  
AND WITH A  
MIGHTY DASH  
I---



OHH!!  
JUST LIKE  
A NOBLE  
KNIGHT  
!!

THERE'S A MAN  
OUTSIDE TO SEE  
YOU, MISTER  
SASHWEIGHT!



MM--HE  
PROBABLY WANTS  
TO TELL ME MY TEN  
NEW PONIES ARRIVED!!

HEY YOU!! I'M FROM  
THE ACME COSTUME  
COMPANY--THAT  
OUTFIT WAS DUE  
BACK LAST WEEK!  
FORK IT OVER--



SHH!!  
DON'T  
TALK  
SO  
LOUD  
!!

BUT, I  
ASSURE  
YOU  
I WILL--  
!!



BALONEY!!  
I CAME  
FOR THE  
SUIT,  
AND---

I'LL  
HELP  
YOU,  
BUDDY  
!!

THIS NOISY GYP  
HAS TRIED TO  
MAKE MY SISTER  
THINK HE'S A  
RICH PLAYBOY  
!!



AND HE  
SAID HE  
WANTED  
THIS SUIT  
FOR A  
MOVIE  
TEST!

THERE! ANYTHING  
ELSE, PAL?



I WANT  
THE SOCKS,  
THEY'RE  
MINE  
TOO!

THANKS FER  
HELPIN' ME  
GET THE  
SUIT  
BACK  
!!



YA DID US  
A BIG FAVOR  
BY SHOWIN'  
UP THIS GUY!  
THANKS--

NOW LET THAT BUM  
EXPLAIN TO LALA WHY  
HE'S SITTIN' AROUND  
IN HIS UNDERWEAR---  
HA-HA!!



COME OUTSIDE,  
SIS--I GOT  
SOMETHIN' TO  
SHOW YOU---



IS IT ABOUT  
MR. SASH-  
WEIGHT,  
VINCENT  
??

CHEERIO, LALA--  
THE POOL LOOKED  
SO INVITING I JUST  
COULDN'T RESIST  
A SWIM AFTER  
MY HARD GAME  
OF POLO!!



OH, VINCENT--ISN'T HE  
SO ATHLETIC  
AND GRAND!!

More of Lala Palooza and Vincent in the August issue of FEATURE COMICS.



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEFFW



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# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

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DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUD, BUT I THINK WE'RE WHEELING INTO A CITY!

Swaying Sarah, with her collegiate cargo, is on her way toward laughs, mystery, treachery.

WE ARE - AND YOU'D BETTER STAY AWAY FROM THE STRAY ANIMAL COLLECTOR!



**free**  
**FIREWORKS CATALOG**  
AND GIFT COUPON  
*Good for* **100 SALUTES**

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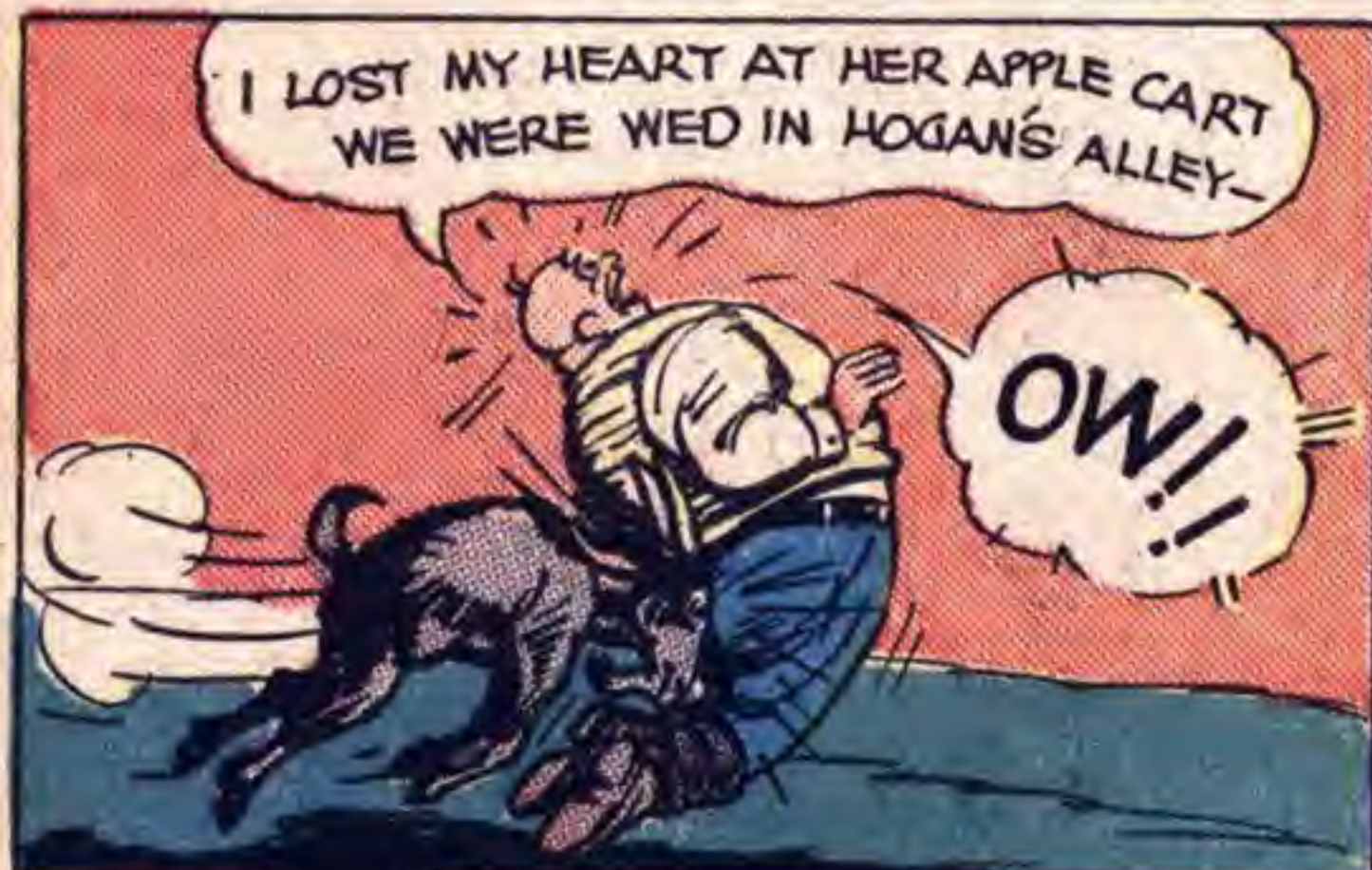




# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW



**CHARLIE CHAN**  
STARTS IN THE AUGUST ISSUE OF  
**FEATURE COMICS**  
on Sale JUNE 30th





# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW



CHARLIE CHAN needs no introduction. The lovable Honolulu Inspector is known throughout the entire country. In **FEATURE COMICS**, CHARLIE CHAN will solve many baffling problems in one city after another all over the world. The mysteries which CHARLIE CHAN will solve in **FEATURE COMICS** will be gripping and dramatic, packed with thrills and action, but they will be altogether lacking in bloodthirsty horror.



Ned Brant is continued in the August issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale June 30th.



# CAPTAIN COOK

## OF SCOTLAND YARD

a complete story

SCOTLAND YARD HAS A RECORD OF ABOUT 2000 GEMS WITH THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF THE OWNERS... ON A CERTAIN NIGHT A THIEF COMES TO TAKE THE RECORD, BUT COOK AND HIS NEW ASSISTANT, SERGEANT CASPER KELLY, ARE WAITING FOR HIM.



DROP THAT RECORD- AND REACH FOR THE CEILING! WE'VE GOT YOU!

WELL! I'LL BE- HERES A PRESENT FOR YOU, SHERLOCK!

DUCK, KELLY! LET HIM GET AWAY!

THE IRON-NERVED THIEF ESCAPES- BUT WITHOUT THE RECORD!



SURE AN' BIGORRY, COOK-LOOK! TH' FELLOW SENT TWO BULLETS THROUGH ME HAT! WHY DIDN'T WE FOLLOW HIM?

-LUCKY YOU WERE WEARING THE HAT, EH KELLY?



-WE SHOT IT OUT WITH THE FELLOW, CHIEF-BUT I LET HIM ESCAPE! I'M POSITIVE IT WAS "RUBY" WILLIS, AND I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

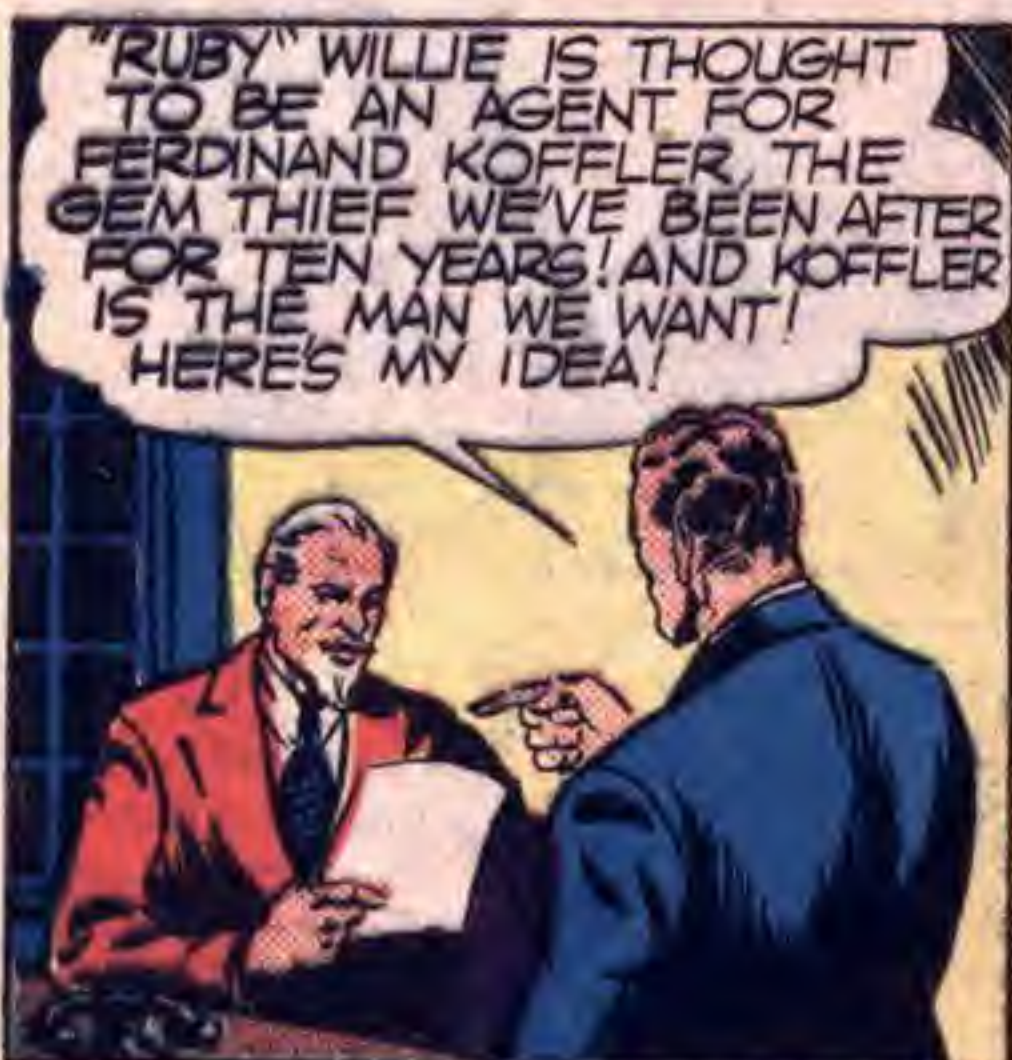
BETTER CHECK WITH HIS PHOTOGRAPH, FIRST!



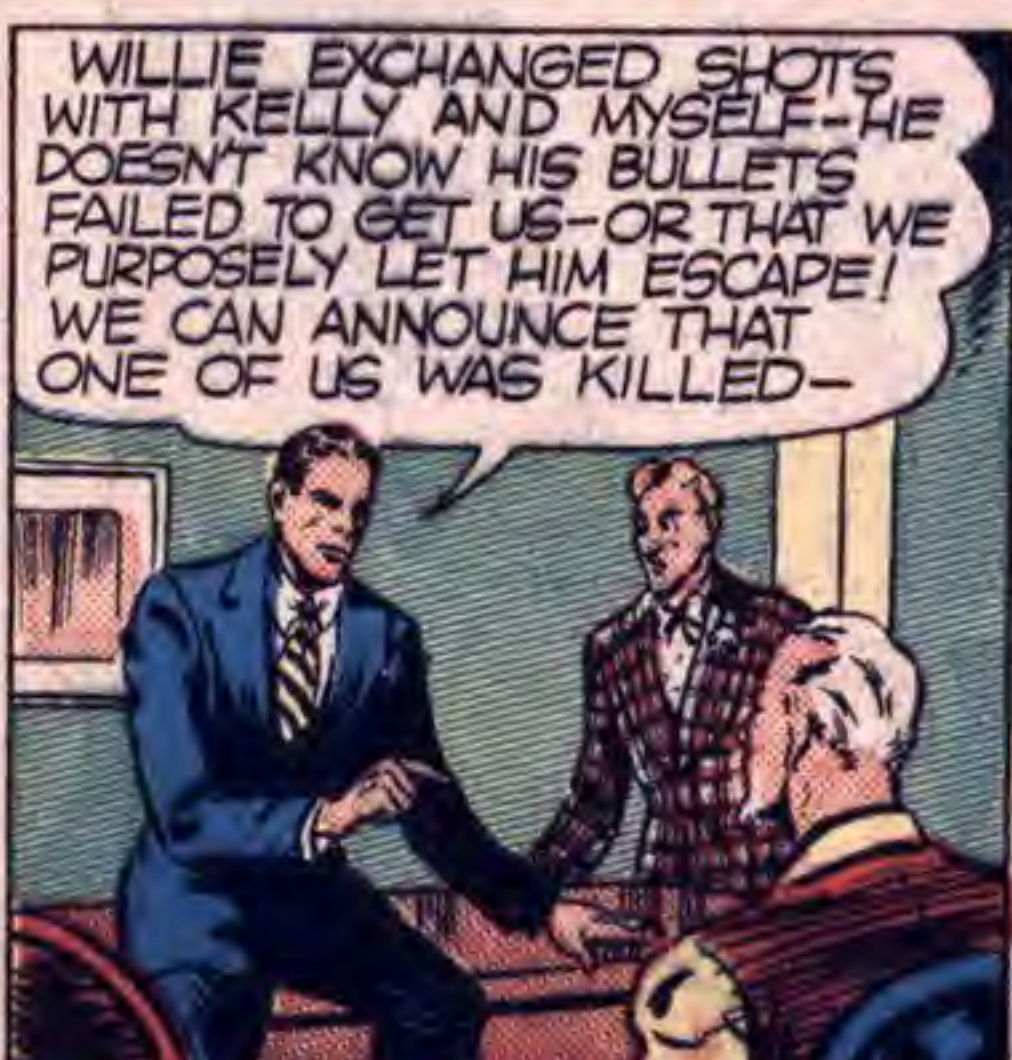
IN THE BERTILLON DEPT. (ROGUE'S GALLERY)

IT'S "RUBY", ALL RIGHT! RECOGNIZE HIM, KELLY?

SURE! I'LL BE DARNED IF I DON'T! -WILLIE CRANDALL ALIAS "RUBY" WILLIE!



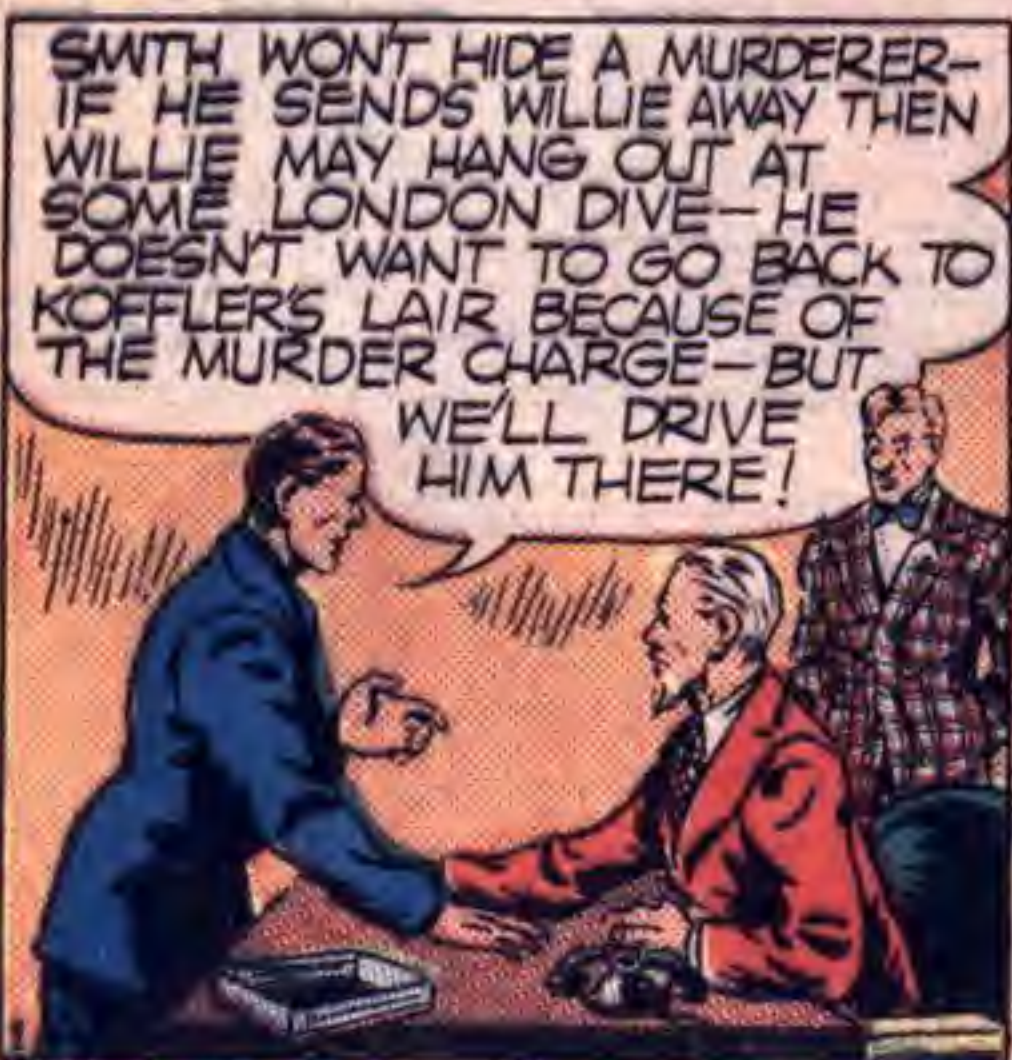
"RUBY" WILLIE IS THOUGHT TO BE AN AGENT FOR FERDINAND KOFFLER, THE GEM THIEF WE'VE BEEN AFTER FOR TEN YEARS! AND KOFFLER IS THE MAN WE WANT! HERE'S MY IDEA!



WILLIE EXCHANGED SHOTS WITH KELLY AND MYSELF-HE DOESN'T KNOW HIS BULLETS FAILED TO GET US-OR THAT WE PURPOSELY LET HIM ESCAPE! WE CAN ANNOUNCE THAT ONE OF US WAS KILLED-



KELLY CAN PLAY DEAD, AND IF NECESSARY, GO INTO HIDING- MEANTIME, WILLIE WILL PROBABLY CALL ON "RED" SMITH, A FORMER KOFFLER SUSPECT- SMITH WILL SEND HIM AWAY BECAUSE OF THE MURDER CHARGE ON WILLIE!



SMITH WON'T HIDE A MURDERER- IF HE SENDS WILLIE AWAY THEN WILLIE MAY HANG OUT AT SOME LONDON DIVE- HE DOESN'T WANT TO GO BACK TO KOFFLER'S LAIR BECAUSE OF THE MURDER CHARGE- BUT WE'LL DRIVE HIM THERE!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING "RUBY" WILLIE SEES A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE..

THE DAILY MAIL  
SCOTLAND YARD  
MAN SLAIN IN  
BATTLE WITH GEM  
THIEF  
MAN IDENTIFIED  
AS "RUBY" WILLIE  
REPORTED NIL

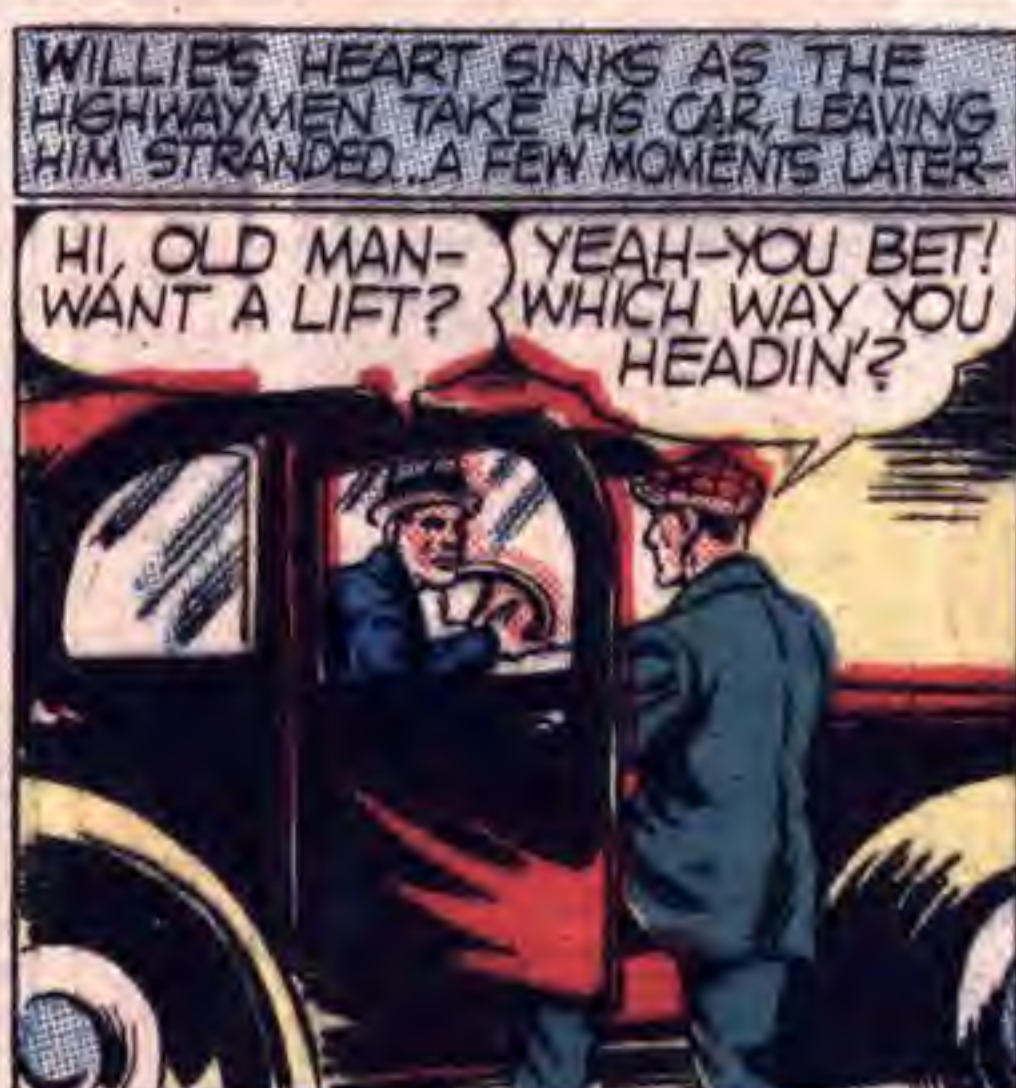


AS COOK SUSPECTED, WILLIE CALLS ON "RED" SMITH...

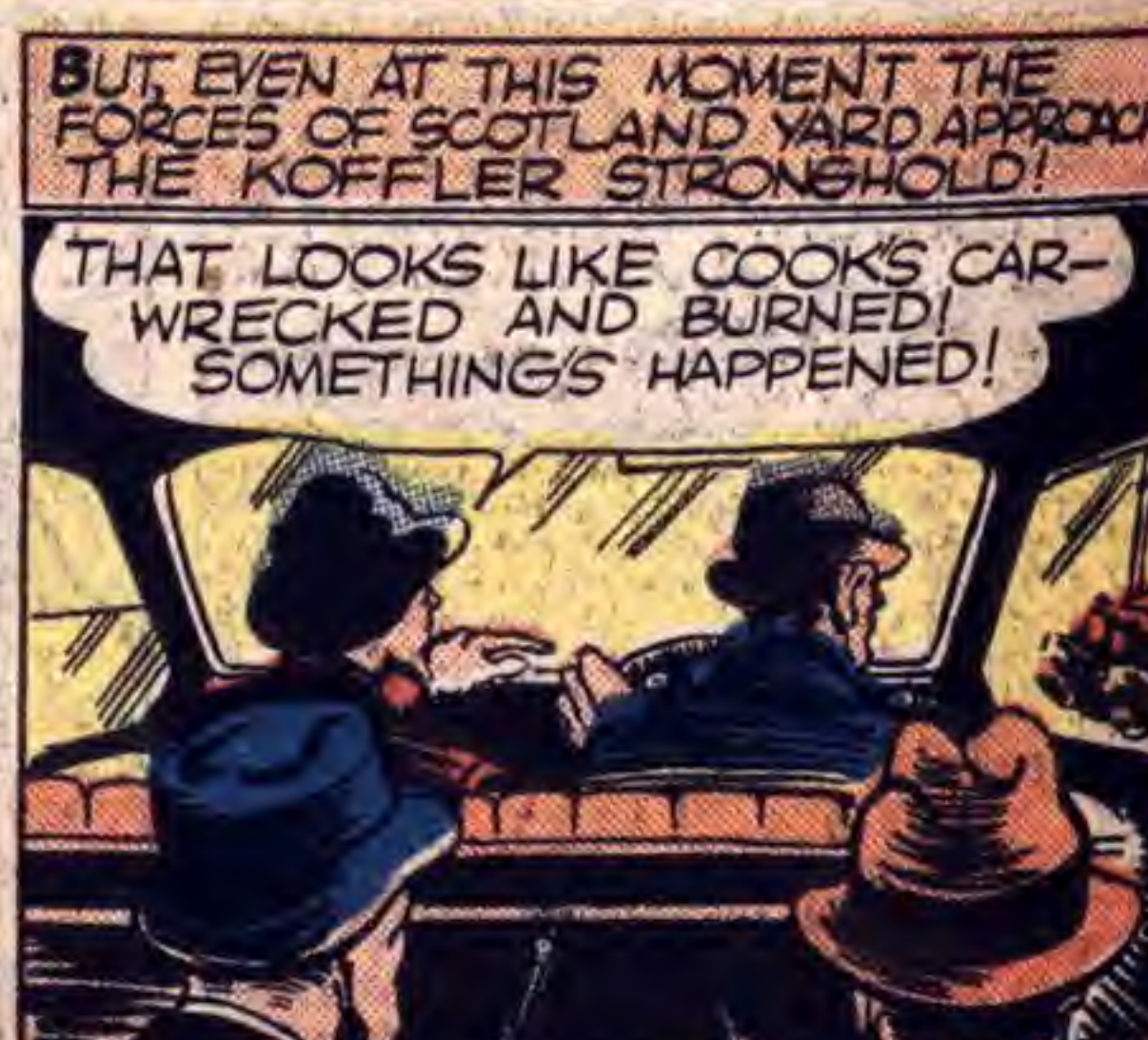
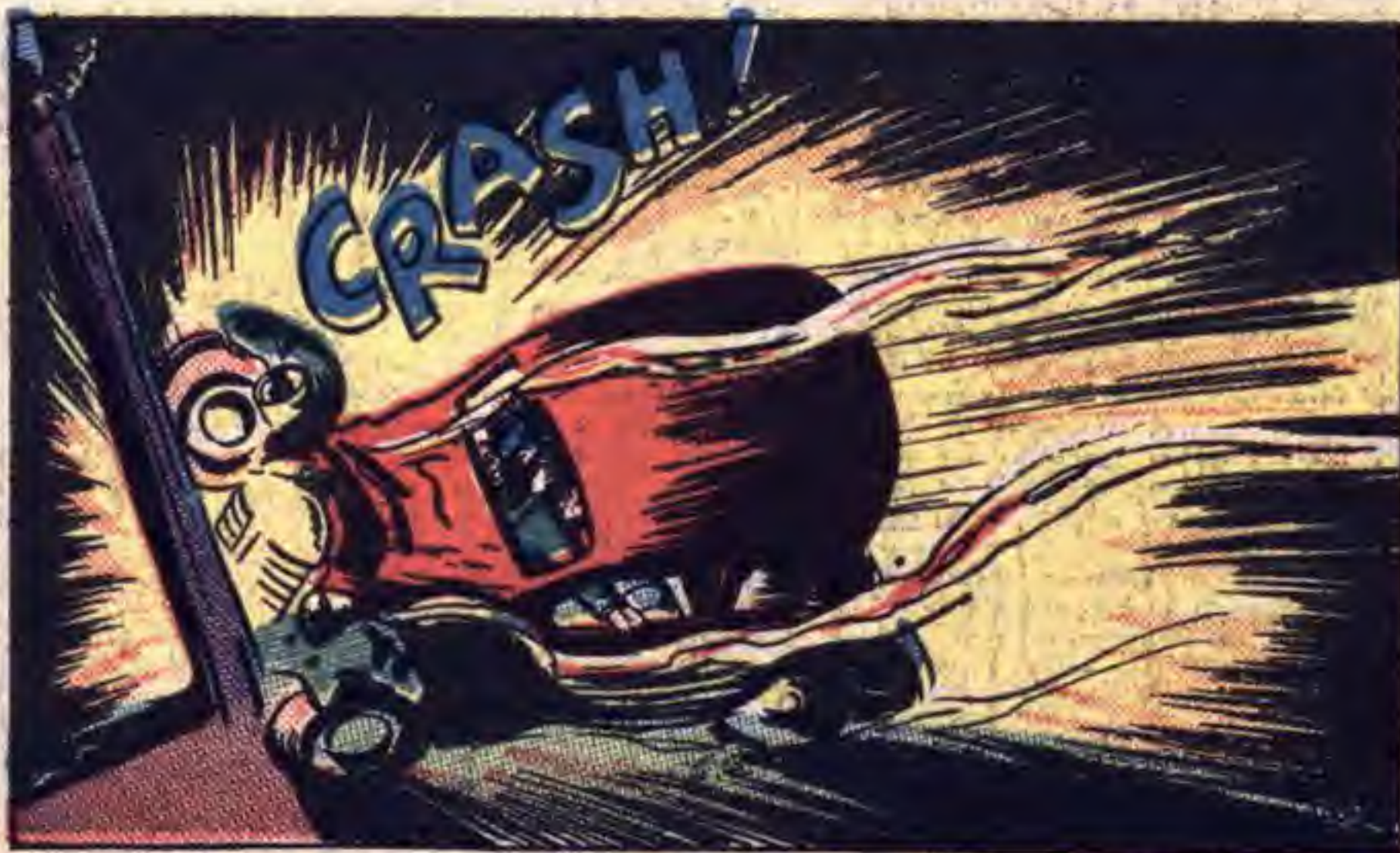
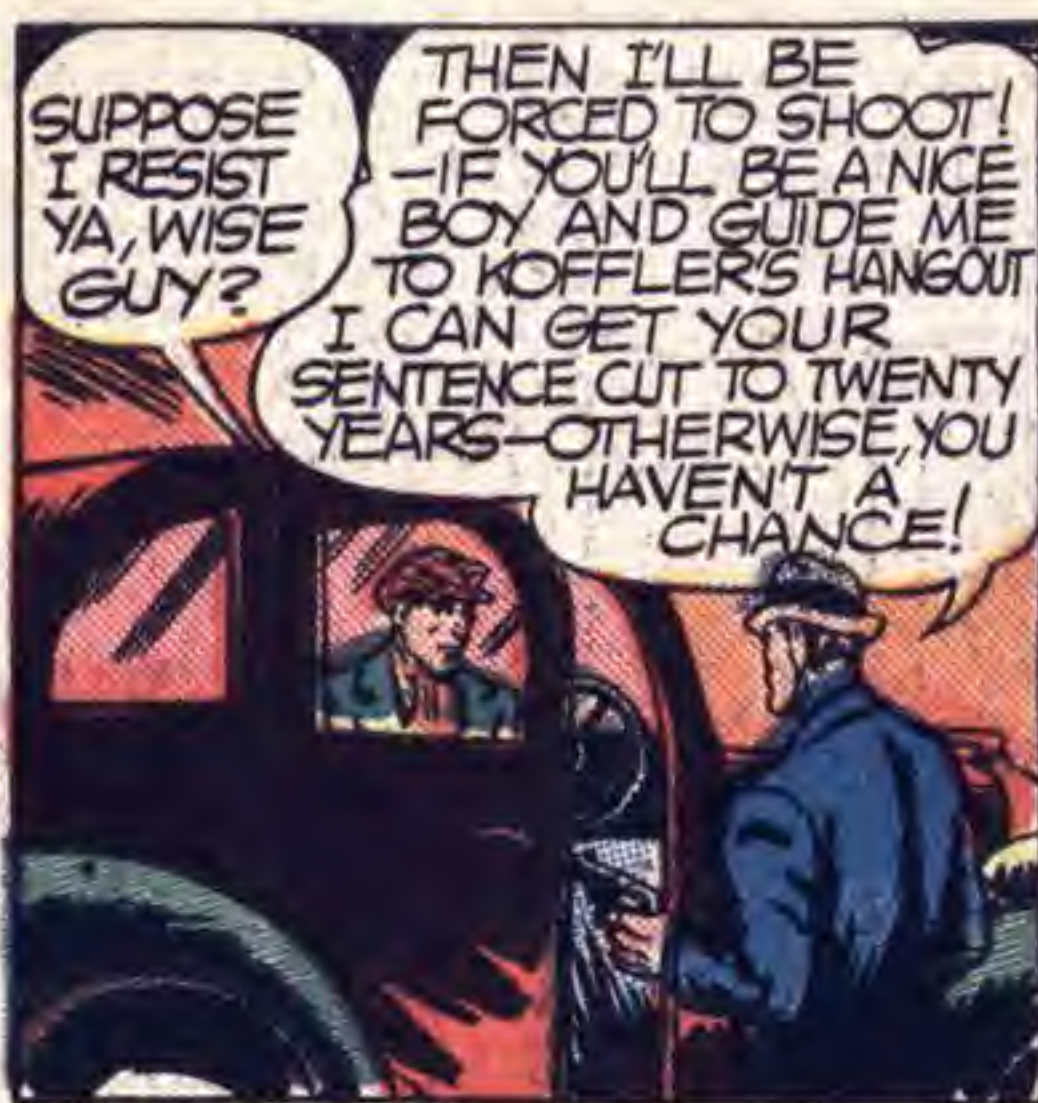
BUT, WHAT'LL I DO, "RED"?

GO SEE JOHNNY- HE'LL HIDE YOU- YOU OUGHTA KNOW I'VE QUIT KOFFLER!













Read the first episode of Charlie Chan in the August issue of FEATURE COMICS.



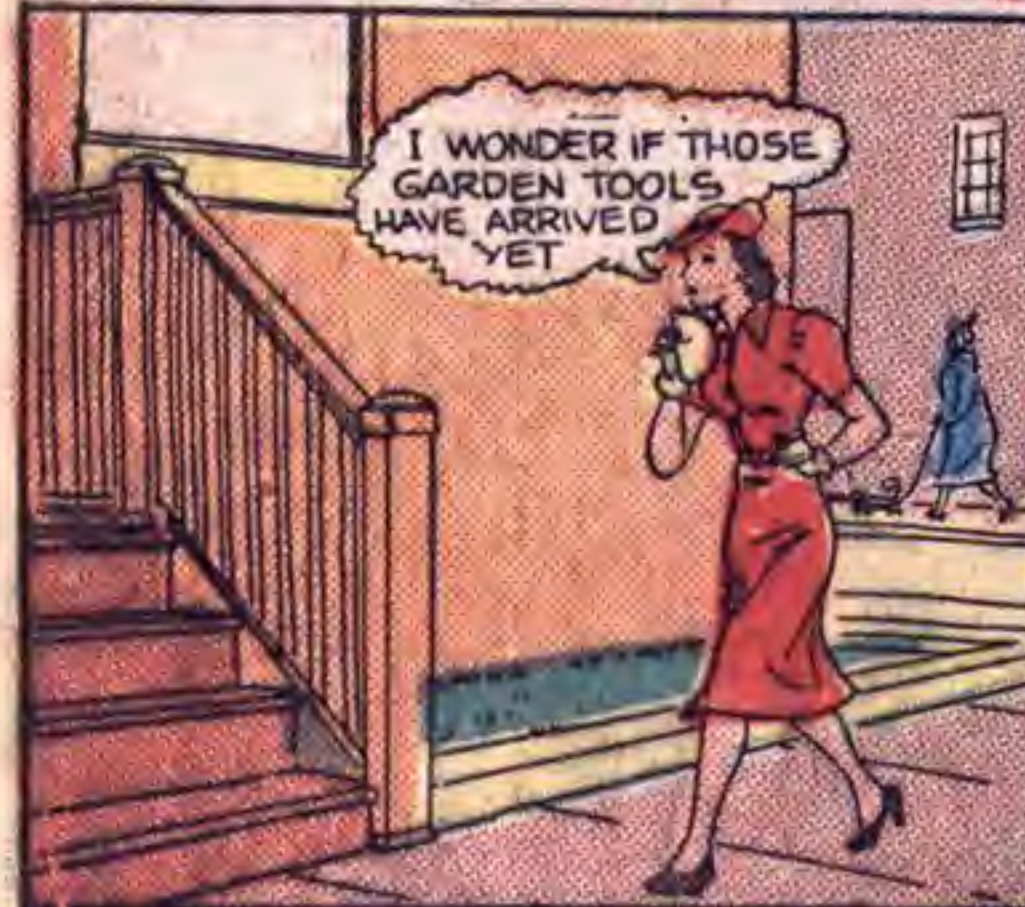
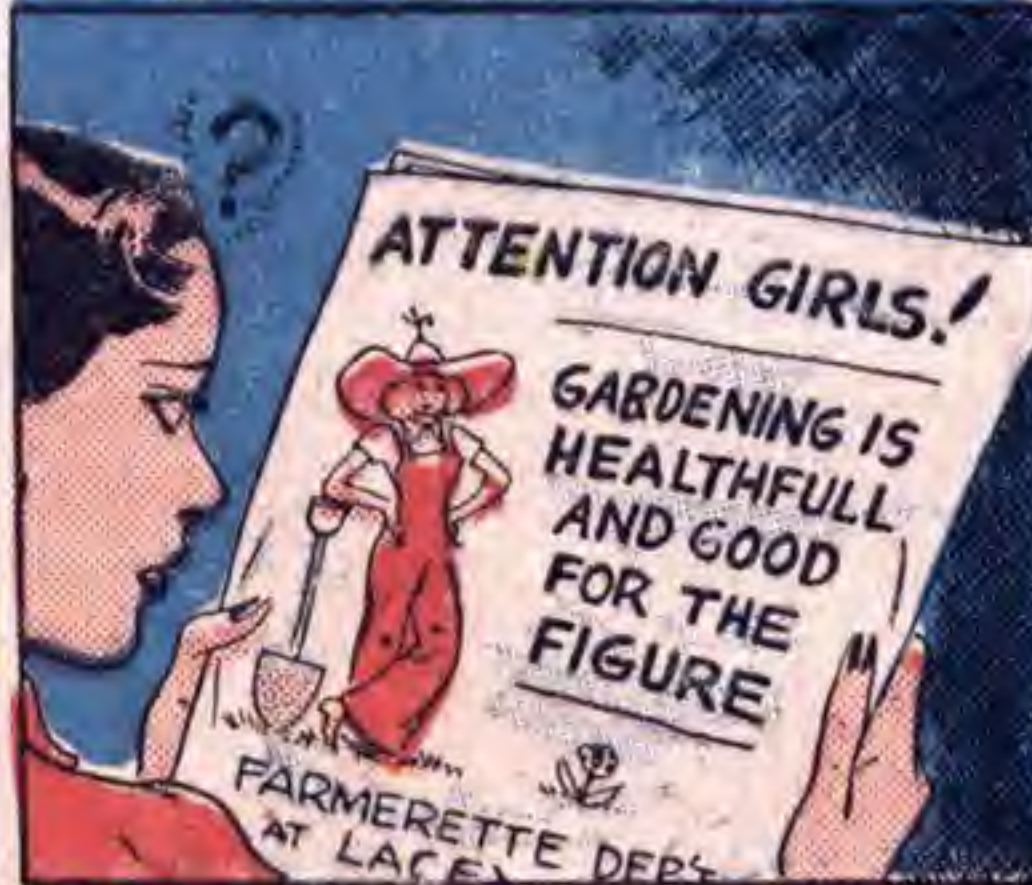
**GOOD  
DEAD  
DITTY**



# DIXIE DUGAN

McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc.

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL





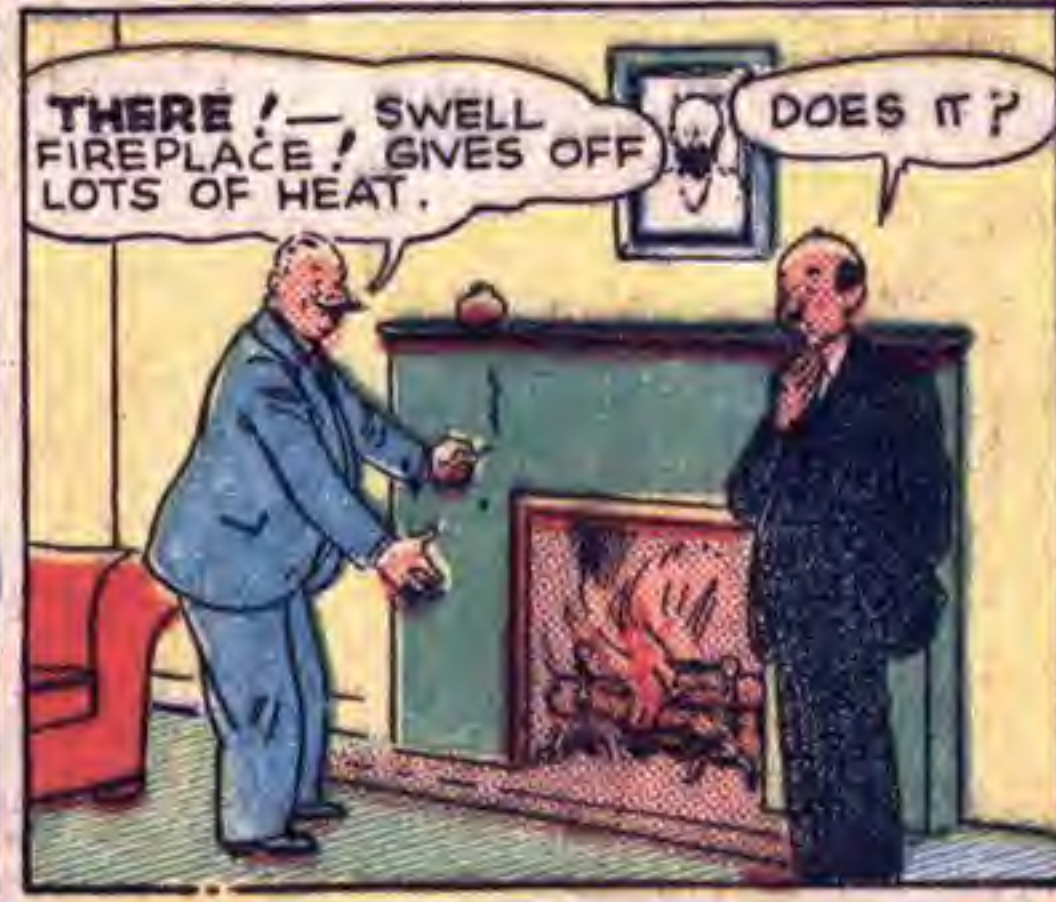
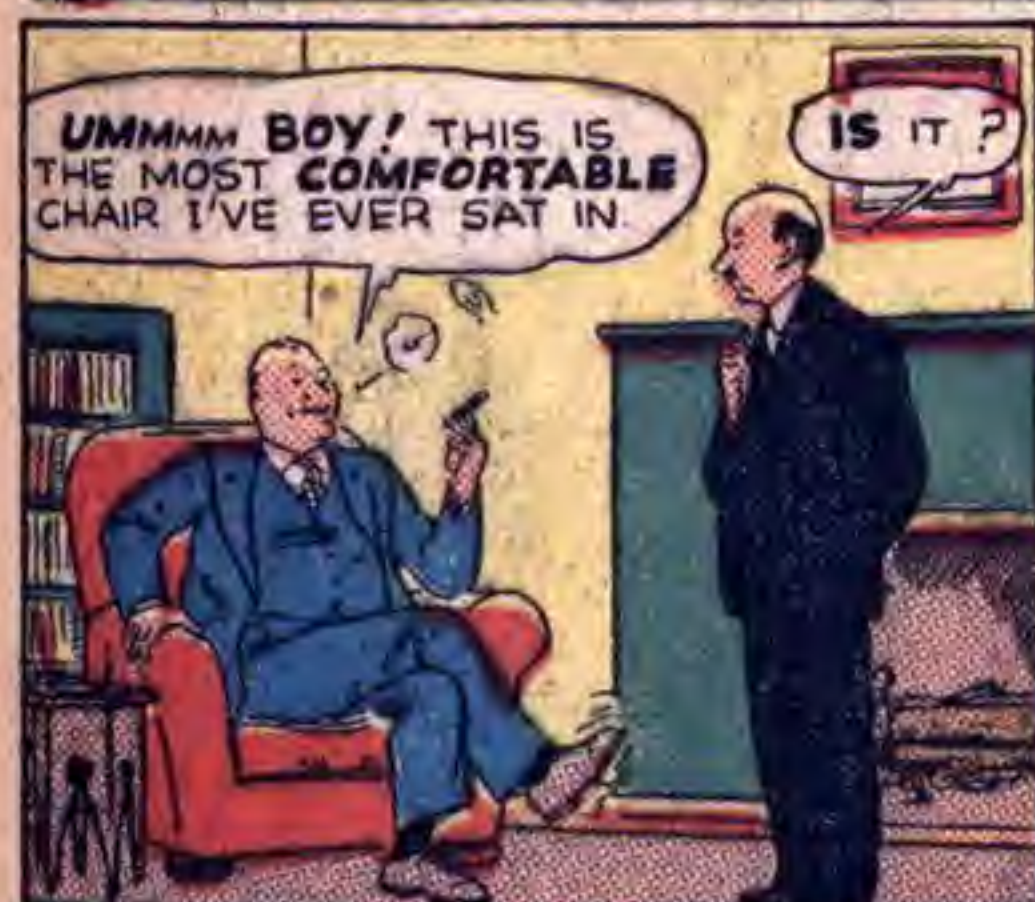
GOOD  
DEEDS  
DIXIE



# DIXIE DUGAN

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By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL





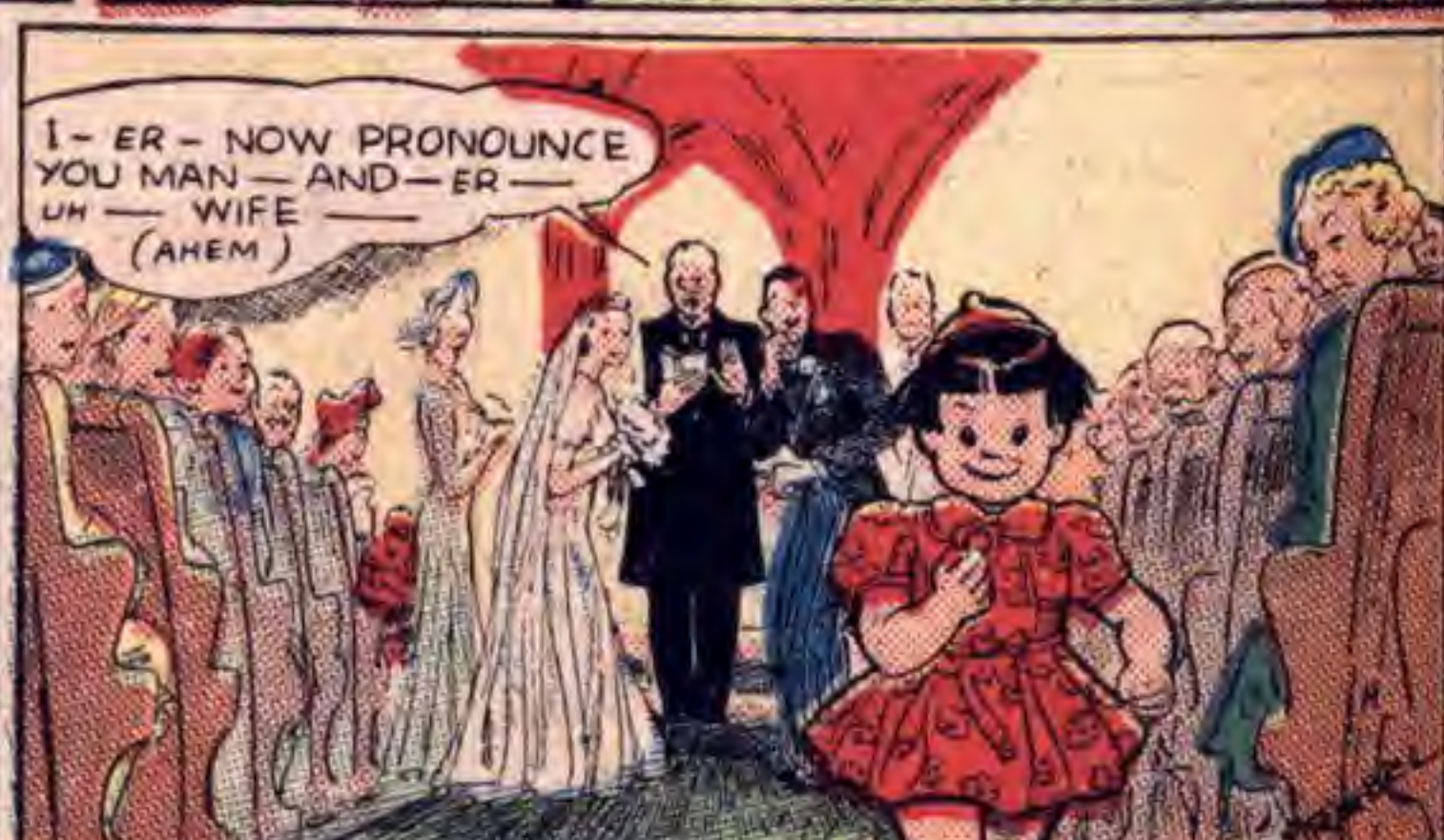
GOOD  
DEED  
DAY



## DIXIE DUGAN

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By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL



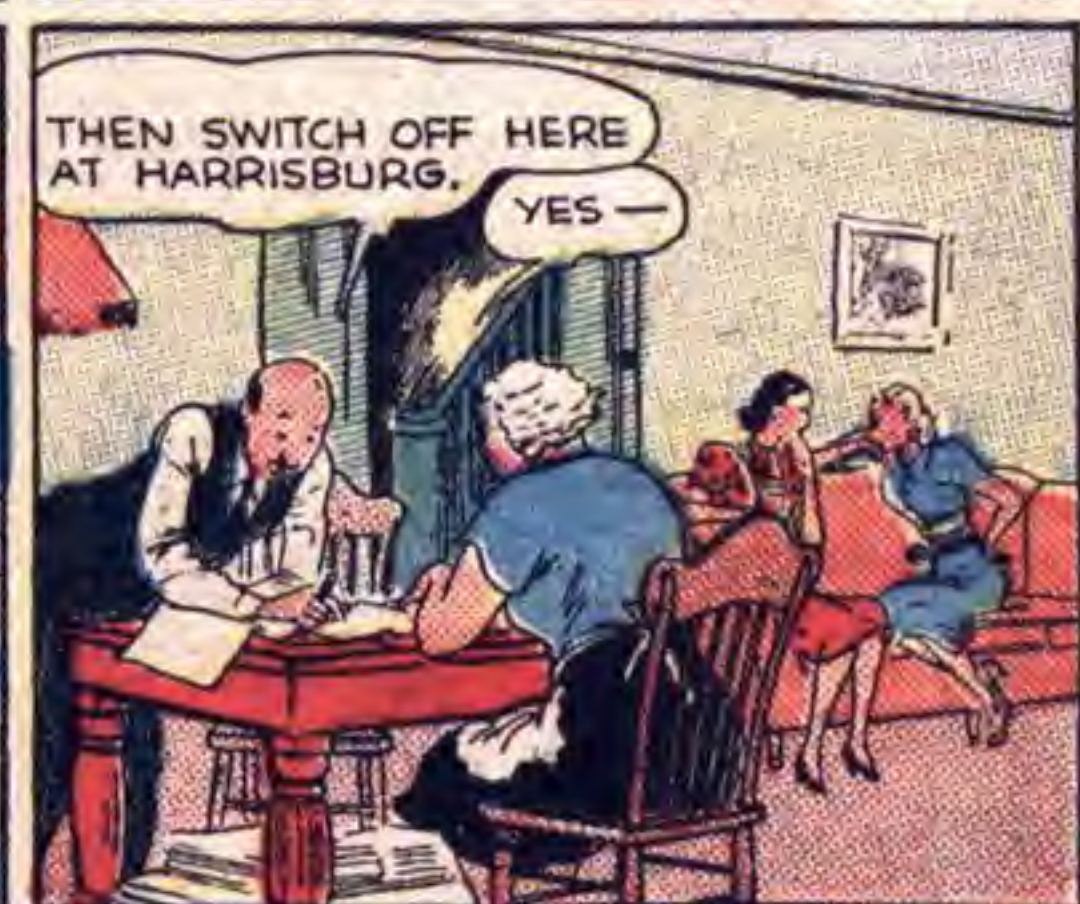




## DIXIE DUGAN

McFadden Syndicate, Inc.

By J. P. McEVoy and J. H. STRIEBEL



Follow Dixie Dugan in the August issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale June 30th.



# RAIN BIRD

by

Robert M. Hyatt

Dark and fearsome, their rough backs arched like great bears, the mountains crouched against the night skies. To the two Indian youths huddled over their tiny fire, the darkness held many mysteries. The cold wind shrilled through the junipers that clustered around the little glade, fanning the embers of their fires.

Weetah shivered. "O Broken Bow," he said tremulously, "there are evils in the wind this night."

Broken Bow allowed his gaze to sweep unseeingly over the black mass of hills that lumped against a blacker sky. He was conscious of little flickering lights pricking the dark. Not stars—they were too far down. Yes, that was it—they were the lanterns of the Jugardillos, the terrible Little Men of the mountains!

"Ugh!" he grunted with a show of contempt which he hardly felt. "Are we squaws that we tremble in dread of the evil ones? We are brave men, my brother. Have we not been chosen, because of our bravery, for this great adventure? Look you—I hold my hand thus and it does not shake with fear."

Weetah shook his head forlornly and stirred the fire. "Aye," he said. "You are brave, Broken Bow, bravest of all the tribesmen. But I have a feeling—" His words trailed off in a sudden gust of wind that whipped sparks upward in a merry dance.

It was easy to see that Weetah, though brave in his way, had no heart for this venture. And venture indeed it was! The very madness of it caused Weetah to shudder—not

so much for himself, but for his friend Broken Bow. For this night Broken Bow—after Weetah had led him to the Place of the Eagles—would seek out the dreaded Jugardillos in their dark caves. He Who Walks with the Thunder had willed it.

It had all come about in this way: For two moons not a drop of rain had fallen on the parched crops of the Sky People. In every hogan there was wailing and misery. Many suns, hurling their merciless darts of flame into the baked earth of the valley, had burned the poor crops brown. Without maize there could be no *tortillas*, and without *tortillas* the Hopi would starve. There must be rain!

The medicine men, and the oldest and wisest sagamores of all the tribes, had drawn together in council. Much strange medicine did they make. With rattling of dry gourds and doleful chants, they had sped blazing arrows into the sky. Once during the ceremonies they thought the Great Spirit had heard them. A ball of fleecy cloud had appeared in the coppery dome of the heavens. But it had passed away and no rain fell.

Then He Who Walks With the Thunder bethought him of a plan. "The gods are angry, my brothers," he said. "Our arrows of fire do not reach high enough to penetrate the clouds that hold the rains. Only by a lightning bolt can those clouds be made to spill out their moisture. Yonder in the mountains dwell the Jugardillos. They hold the secret of making lightning."

The aged priests were shocked into silence for a moment. Then:

"The Jugardillos!" they gasped. "But it is death to enter their domains . . . 'twould be a brave man who sought out their secret. O Brother!"

"Aye, a brave man indeed," replied He Who Walks With the Thunder. "That is the sort of man we shall send to them."

"But who? What man be so brave?"

The old priest's head was bowed as if in momentary prayer. Then he faced his audience. "There be but one in all the clans who is that brave. He is my son, Broken Bow. Though but a youth, he has slain three great bears with only a knife for weapon. He it must be, my brothers."

An ancient priest of the Turtle Clan stood up and his voice rang out in the murky council chamber. "Our brother speaks words of wisdom. Our lands perish of thirst. Soon we all must die. Let He Who Walks With the Thunder send his son, Broken Bow, for braver youth does not live!"

Thus the council ended. And the old medicine men called the stalwart Broken Bow and told him of his father's daring plan. They called also Weetah, who was a great tracker, to accompany their emissary.

When Broken Bow arrived at the council chamber, he heard his father in silence. Not a muscle of his face twitched at mention of the Jugardillos. Well he knew that another sun might never set for him were he to take this hazardous pilgrimage. Assuredly it meant death. And he had so many things to do ere he died . . .

"Yes, my father," he said. "I am honored. I am ready."

He Who Walks With the Thunder laid his hand on his son's head.

"The Great Spirit guard you well," he said sadly. "Tonight in the caves of the Jugardillos you will request a lightning bolt. The Little Men of the mountains are strange folk indeed—they may refuse to give you that which will bring us



life. You must get a lightning bolt at any cost. Otherwise we perish. I have spoken."

The rim of the harvest moon was just appearing over the peaks to the east when Broken Bow got to his feet. For a full hour he had sat silent, staring into the fire and contemplating his forthcoming adventure. There was no doubt in his mind that he would never return to his people. No one had ever come back from the caves of the Jugardillos. He remembered hearing his grandfather, a great priest, say that the Little Men of the mountains turned their victims into strange animals and birds—after they had finished torturing them!

There was a note of sadness in Broken Bow's heart, but certainly no fear. He said to Weetah: "Come, my brother, it is time we start. I can see the lanterns of the evil ones blinking far up the mountain. I would be off on my mission."

"Oh, Broken Bow," said Weetah with a catch in his voice, "is there no other way? Look you, this trail leads north into the land of the Fire People, our cousins. Take it, my brother. I will return to our tribe and say that you—"

"Stop!" There was horror in Broken Bow's voice as he whirled on Weetah. "Would have me a traitor? I am neither liar nor coward. May the gods forgive you those words!"

Weetah hung his head. "O my brother," he said, "forgive me. I spoke only out of my great love for you. It is hard to know that I shall see you no more."

Broken Bow's arm went about the shoulders of his friend. "Aye, good Weetah. But better that I die than that our whole race perish. Now let's be off!"

In silence the two youths started the long climb up the dark, twisting trail. For more than an hour they strode on, and then they came to the Place of the Eagles. It was the end of the trail for Weetah—the beginning for Broken Bow. Beyond this point none of the Sky People had ever ventured. This was the domain of the Jugardillos, and unknown perils lurked in its darksome defiles and deep gorges.

Broken Bow gripped Weetah's hand firmly and in the light of the early moon his smile was gentle.

"Little Brother, we part now. To you I give my horse, Wind Bird, and this"—he drew from inside his belt a leathern pouch and handed it to Weetah—"I would have you give it to my mother, the Great Spirit watch over her!"

Weetah took the pouch, a good luck charm, and turned away hastily lest the tears in his eyes proclaim him unmanly.

Without another word the two friends parted.

With fast-beating heart, Broken Bow set off across the rough terrain that lay beyond the Place of the Eagles. Soon he was in a narrow cleft and the walls of rock on either side of him rose so high that the moon was blotted out, and the air was filled with a dampness that struck to the bone and a silence that was appalling.

The cleft ended in a huge circular canyon the walls of which towered into the very skies. The way was rough and often his moccasins dislodged a pebble that clattered over the edge of the fearful chasm that bordered the trail. Great bats whisked past his head, clicking their teeth viciously.

When he had passed through the Canyon of the Bats, Broken Bow found himself on a narrow trail

that clung to the side of the lava mountain like a taut bowstring. Carefully picking his way, he came to a turn in the path and then a frightful sight met his eyes. Before him, on either side of the trail, were two great boulders, and chained to each was a huge bear.

Instantly the bears leaped at each other, slashing out with their enormous claws. Their snarling and roaring was terrible to hear, but Broken Bow was not afraid because he quickly saw that the chains held the bears apart a scant few inches. He recognized this as the first of the Jugardillos' tests of a true man. The bears watched him, their little red eyes savage. Broken Bow paused a moment, gauging his distance, then walked slowly and surely the narrow way. There was barely room enough for a man with iron nerve to walk between them; should he flinch either way he was lost.

The bears lunged at him, spattering their hot breath against his flesh and almost slashing him with their long claws. There was a great snapping and enraged howling as he stepped beyond their reach, and Broken Bow laughed—though he was wet with sweat.

Rain Bird is concluded in the August issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale June 30th





# REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED

by ART PINAJIAN

INSPECTOR, MY NAME IS WALES - I'M AN ENGRAVER - LAST NIGHT AS I WAS ABOUT TO CLOSE MY SHOP A MAN NAMED PEARSON CAME IN AND ASKED ME TO MAKE A PLATE OF A TEN DOLLAR BILL!!



I TOLD HIM TO GET OUT - THEN HE OFFERED TO SAVE MY BUSINESS FROM BANKRUPTCY, SO I AGREED - HERE'S A PROOF FROM THE PLATE! HE ALSO SAID HE'D WANT ME TO MAKE A COPY OF A TWENTY DOLLAR BILL NEXT!



GREAT WORK, WALES - I'LL PUT SERGEANT REYNOLDS ON THE CASE AT ONCE!



WAIT, INSPECTOR - PLEASE LET ME HANDLE IT - I CAN GET MORE INFORMATION THAN HE CAN - THEY WON'T SUSPECT ME - I'LL LET YOU KNOW AS SOON AS I GET SOMETHING DEFINITE!

COUNTERFEITING IS SERIOUS, SIR - CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING?

NOT YET, SERGEANT - LET'S WAIT FOR DETAILS - THEN WE'LL HAVE MORE TO WORK WITH!



WHAT'S NEW, WALES?

INSPECTOR, THIS IS MR. DREW, A NEIGHBOR OF MINE - SOME ONE JUST PASSED HIM A FAKE FIFTY DOLLAR BILL!



A FEW DAYS LATER, WALES CALLS ON THE INSPECTOR AGAIN - BUT THIS TIME IS ACCOMPANIED BY ANOTHER MAN.

THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS, WALES - HAVE YOU FOUND OUT WHERE THE BILLS ARE BEING PRINTED?

NOT YET - BUT I LEARNED THAT THIS GANG IS LED BY A MAN KNOWN ONLY TO HIS GANG AS "MR. BIG" - NO ONE KNOWS HIS REAL NAME -



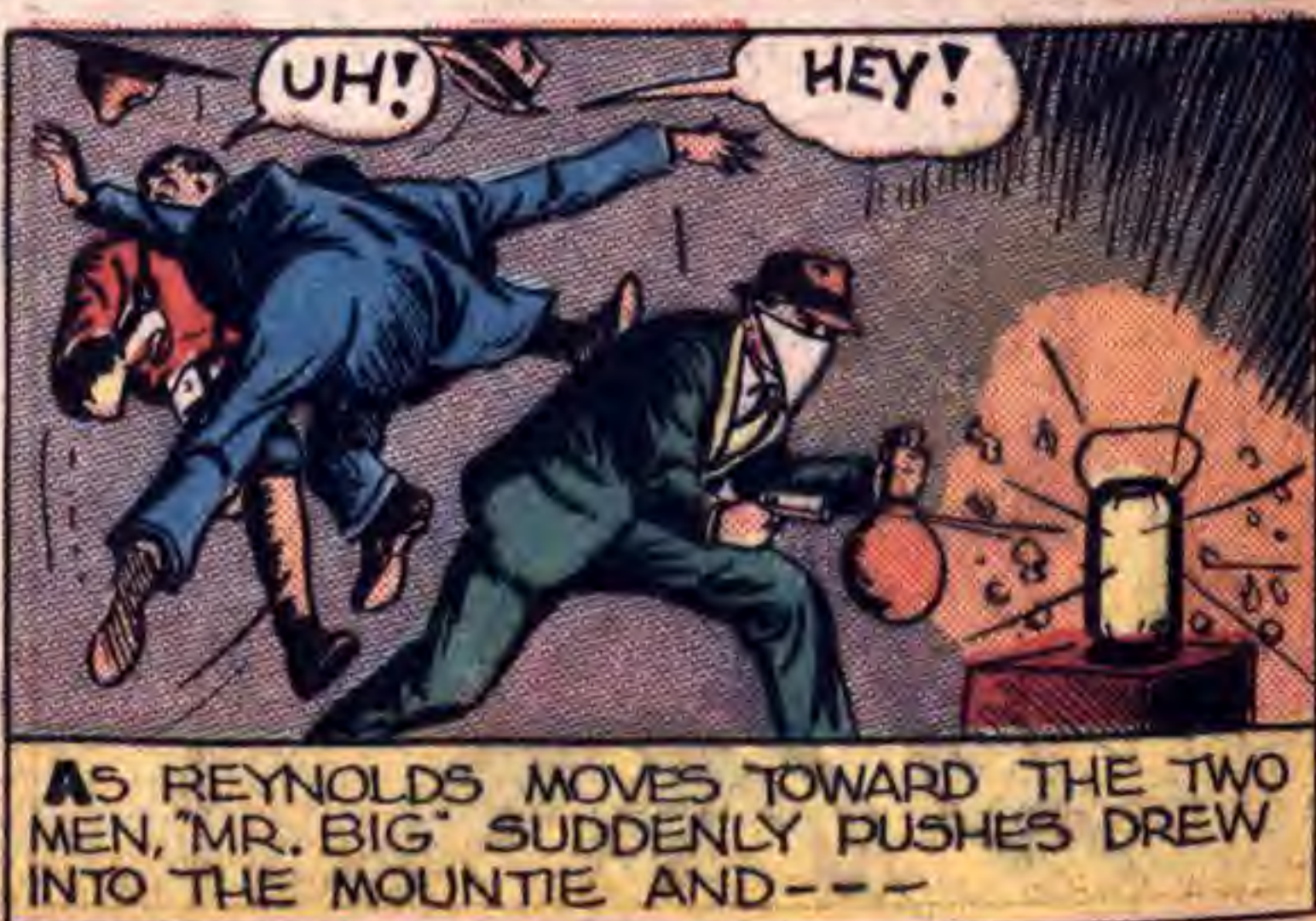
"MR. BIG" EH? WE'RE GOING INTO ACTION AT ONCE - WALES, WE WANT FULL DETAILS OF EVERYTHING IN CONNECTION WITH THIS CASE - IN THE MEANTIME, TRY TO STALL OFF MAKING ANY MORE PLATES, AND KEEP IN TOUCH WITH US - THAT IS ALL, GENTLEMEN!

















WE'RE SO PROUD OF YOU, ROGER! IT TOOK REAL GRIT TO WIN OVER BOTH HAMMOND AND THE DESERT !!

IT WAS THE THOUGHT THAT YOU HAD FAITH IN ME THAT KEPT ME GOING, DEAR !!

OH!! AND NOW THAT HIS DAD IS POOR NOTHING WILL STAND BETWEEN US---

AND AT THIS MOMENT--- ROGER BLIGH SR. IS ON A TRAIN SPEEDING WEST---

SO--"ROG" WENT OUT AND PROVED HIMSELF A MAN, THINKING I WAS BROKE!!

AND THAT DAY AS I STUMBLED IN FROM THE DESERT AND COLLAPSED, YOU CALLED ME "DARLING," REMEMBER, JUDITH?

YES--I GUESS I DID SAY "DARLING," ROG!

YOU MEANT IT?? A-AND YOU DO CARE FOR ME A LITTLE, JUDITH?

YES--MORE THAN A LITTLE, ROGER!

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW! I'LL WORK HARD, AND WE'LL GET ALONG IF DAD DID LOSE HIS MONEY!

OH--FORGET THAT YOU WERE ONCE A RICH BOY, ROGER--I--I DIDN'T LIKE YOU THEN!

I WAS A SMART FOOL THEN--BUT FINDING THAT YOU CARED FOR ME WAS THE GREATEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ME!!

YOU'VE MADE A REAL MAN OF YOURSELF, ROG!

SORRY TO INTRUDE, BUT THERE'S A BIG SURPRISE UP AT THE HOUSE FOR YOU, ROGER!

COME ON, JUDY--LET'S SEE WHAT IT IS!!

L-LOOK, JUDITH!! IT'S DAD! AND WE HAVE A SURPRISE FOR HIM TOO !!

OH!!--R-ROGER! MY SON--

DAD-DAD!! LISTEN--I'VE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU--

SON! I'M PROUD OF WHAT YOU'VE DONE--AND I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE!

I MADE UP THAT STORY ABOUT LOSING MY MONEY TO MAKE A MAN OF YOU--I DIDN'T LOSE IT AT ALL!

W-WHAT??

YES--IT'S TRUE--WAIT-DON'T TELL IT NOW, MY BOY, WE STILL HAVE OUR FORTUNE!!

WHY--I--ER--WE--

MUST THINK A WHILE--

OH, ROGER WAS SUCH A SNOB BEFORE WHEN HE KNEW HE WAS RICH---- BUT MAYBE HE'S A BETTER MAN AND ALL CURED OF THAT NOW!!

BUT EVEN SO, HIS MONEY WOULD ALWAYS CAUSE US TROUBLE--AND HIS RICH FRIENDS WOULDN'T LIKE ME!

LATER PARDON ME, JUDY-- WHY DO YOU--??

ROGER--I'VE A DATE TO RIDE WITH TUBBY !!

WHAT?? W-WITH ME?-- OH, SURE !!



SO!! JUDITH IS WITH TUBBY--  
WELL, I GUESS SHE'S  
THROUGH WITH ME--AND  
ALL BECAUSE  
I'M STILL RICH!!



SHE JUST DOESN'T CARE  
FOR RICH MEN'S SONS---  
EVERYTHING  
WAS OKAY  
TIL DAD  
SPOKE OF  
MONEY!



DAD--I CAN'T  
STAY HERE  
ANY LONGER!  
LET'S GO  
BACK  
EAST  
!!

NO, SON---  
I HAVE BIG  
PLANS FOR  
THIS PLACE,  
AND YOU'RE  
PART OF  
THOSE  
PLANS!



WHAT IS MR. BLIGH PLANNING?

AND BUSINESS BEGINS TO  
PICK UP AT BENTON'S DUDE  
RANCH--  
SLIM--THAT'S  
THE SECOND  
LOAD OF  
GUESTS  
THIS  
WEEK  
!!

BOY! BENTON  
WILL GET OUT  
OF DEBT!



OH, MR. BENTON--  
YOUR PLACE IS  
DIVINE! JUST AS  
I PICTURED  
IT TOO!!

THANK  
YOU!



WE'VE HEARD ABOUT THE  
"WILD WEST" AND WE'RE  
LOOKING FORWARD FOR  
EXCITING THINGS TO  
HAPPEN HERE---



WHEW!  
BENTON  
HAS A JOB  
ON HIS HANDS!

GOLLY, JUDY!! HERE'S  
MORE GUESTS--WHERE  
WILL BENTON  
PUT 'EM ALL  
UP?



T-THAT  
GIRL IS  
DIXIE  
DARLING!

AHEM--LET ME  
HELP YOU,  
MISS  
DARLING!



OH!!  
THANK  
YOU--  
AND YOU  
RECOGNIZED  
LITTLE ME  
TOO!!

AND NOW THE RANCH HAS A  
MOVIE QUEEN TO FUSS OVER!



MY!!  
AIN'T WE  
GETTIN'  
CLASSY!!

TUBBY, DON'T  
BE A 'SAP!!  
JUDY IS JUST  
HAVING DATES  
WITH YOU  
TO MAKE  
ROGER  
BLIGH  
SORE  
!!



G'WAN!!  
WOMEN  
LIKE MY  
CHARM!!

HURRY, TUBBY--  
YOU'RE LATE  
FOR OUR  
RIDE--  
WHAT  
HELD  
YOU  
UP?



AW--I  
WAS JUST  
TRYIN'  
T'POUND  
SOME  
SENSE  
INTO  
SLIM'S  
THICK  
HEAD!

HMM!! OF COURSE IT'S  
BECAUSE SHE SEES 'ROG'  
THERE RIDING  
WITH THE  
MOVIE GAL!!



OHH!!--  
I DON'T  
WANT TO RIDE  
AFTER ALL,  
TUBBY---

AW--YOU WERE RIGHT,  
SLIM--I WAS FOOLISH TO  
THINK THAT SHE LIKED  
ME BETTER  
THAN  
ROGER!!



WHAT'S THE  
MATTER, ROMEO  
--DIDN'T JUDY  
SAY THAT SHE  
LOVED YOU?

WELL, WELL--  
C'MON--TELL  
ME THE  
WHOLE  
STORY--



SHE SAW  
HIM WITH  
THE MOVIE  
GAL AN'  
SHE WAS  
READY  
TO CRY!

AND ROGER IS  
JUST AS CRAZY  
ABOUT HER---



SAY!  
MEBBE  
MY IDEA  
WILL FIX  
IT ALL  
UP!

CONTINUED



# Gallant Knight



BY  
VERNON HENKEL

NEVILLE'S STRUGGLE TO SAVE THE PRINCESS ALICE D'ASSIGNY MET WITH FAILURE, AS THE KING'S GUARDSMEN HE HAD HOPED TO ENLIST MISTOOK HIM FOR A REBEL AGAINST THE CROWN.

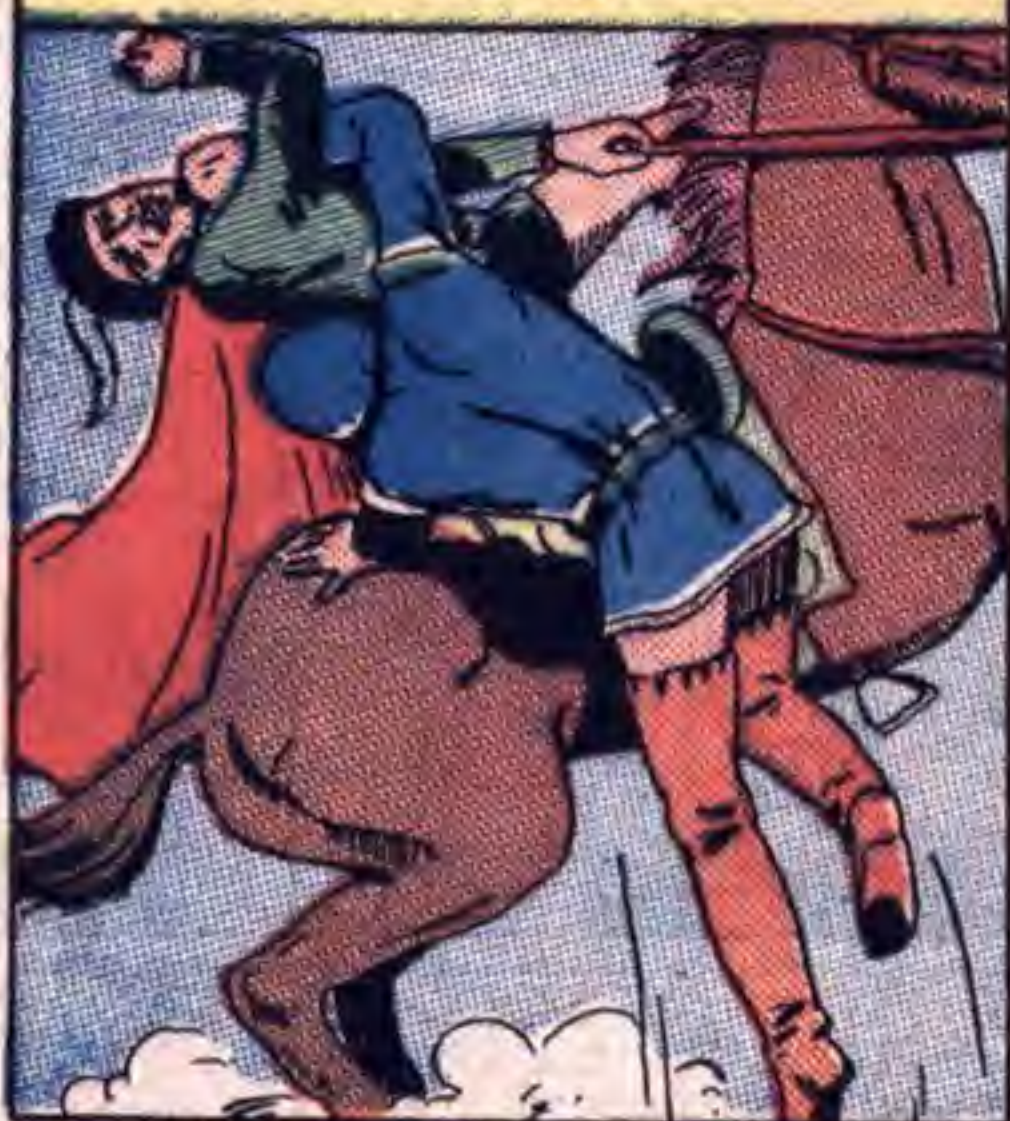
GUARDS!  
TAKE THIS  
REBEL!



TOO LONG HAVE I  
LANGUED INSIDE  
DUNGEON WALLS!



DESPERATELY NEVILLE LEAPED AT THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD, DRAGGED HIM TO THE GROUND, THEN VAULTED TO THE SADDLE HIMSELF.



AFTER HIM, YOU  
BLUNDERING FOOLS!



THE GUARDS THUNDER AFTER HIM  
IN HOT PURSUIT.



MORE SOLDIERS IN  
FRONT OF ME - I'M  
CUT OFF!



AT THAT MOMENT THE RABBLE  
OF THE CITY AGAIN POURED OUT  
INTO THE STREETS IN OPEN REVOLT

A COMRADE BESET  
UPON BY THE KING'S  
MEN - RESCUE HIM!



AMID THE WILD CONFUSION OF  
HORSES AND MEN, HE SUCCEEDED  
IN BREWING AWAY -













Follow Gallant Knight in the August issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale June 30th.



# OFF THE RECORD *By ED REED.*

## ROLLS DEVELOPED

25c

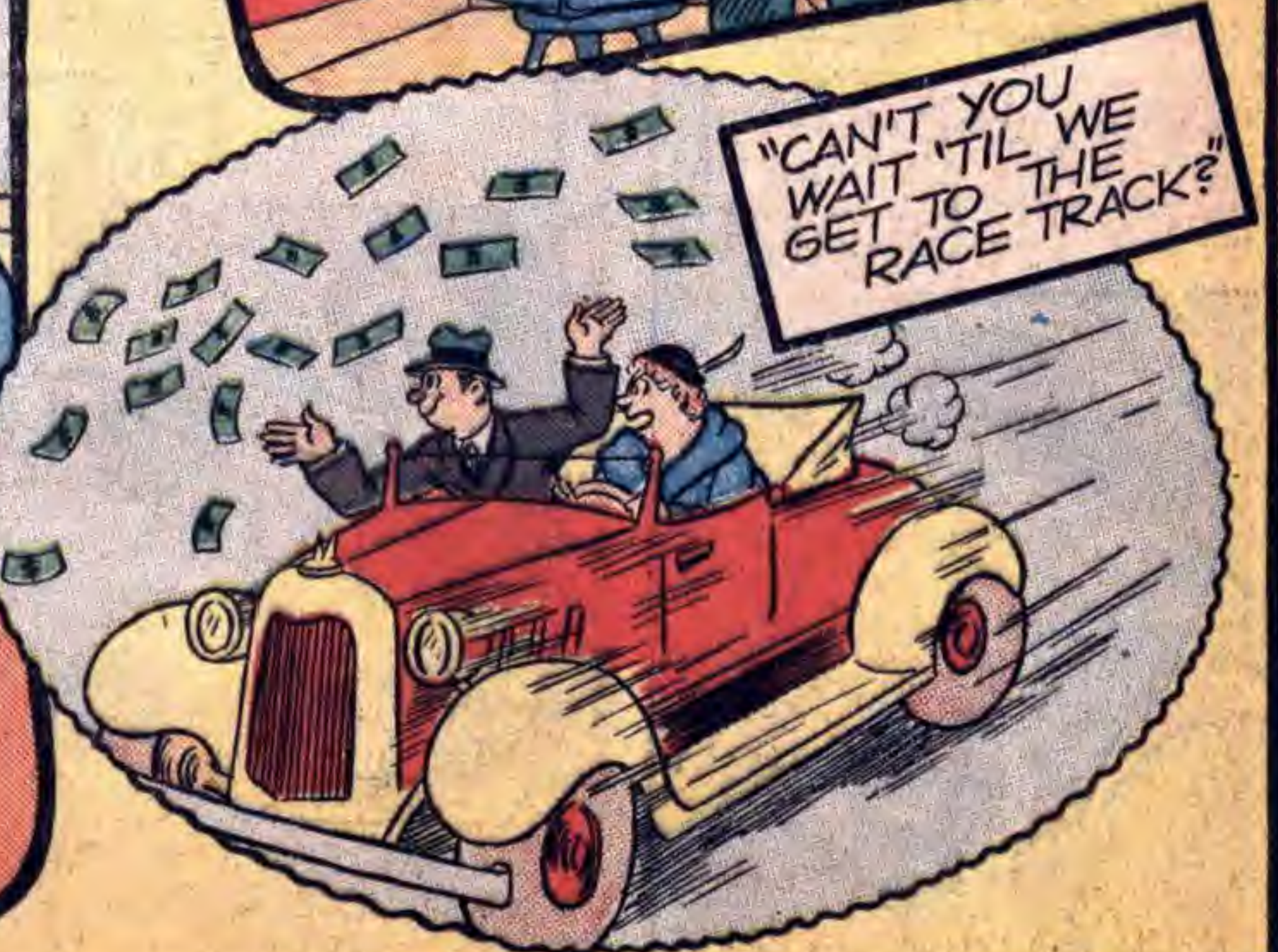
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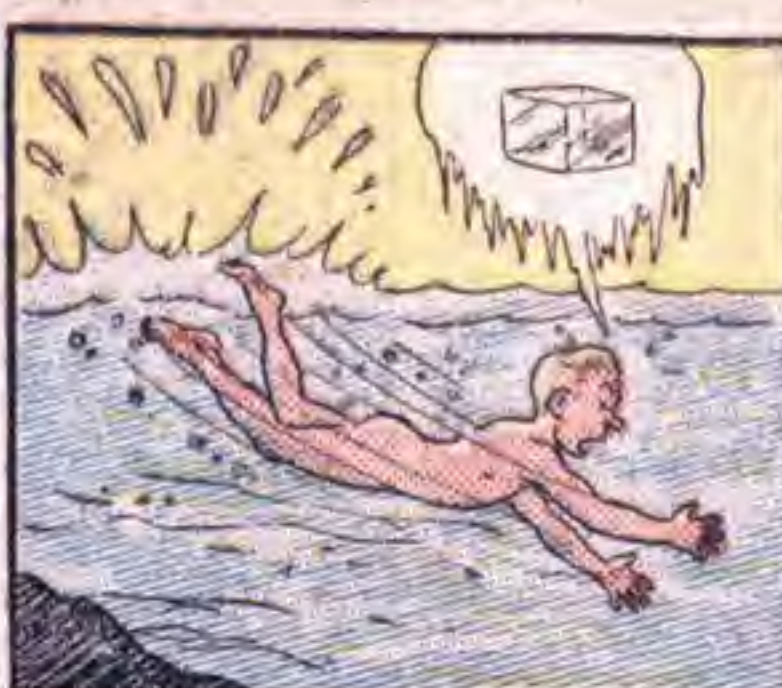
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# MICKEY FINN

McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

By LANK LEONARD



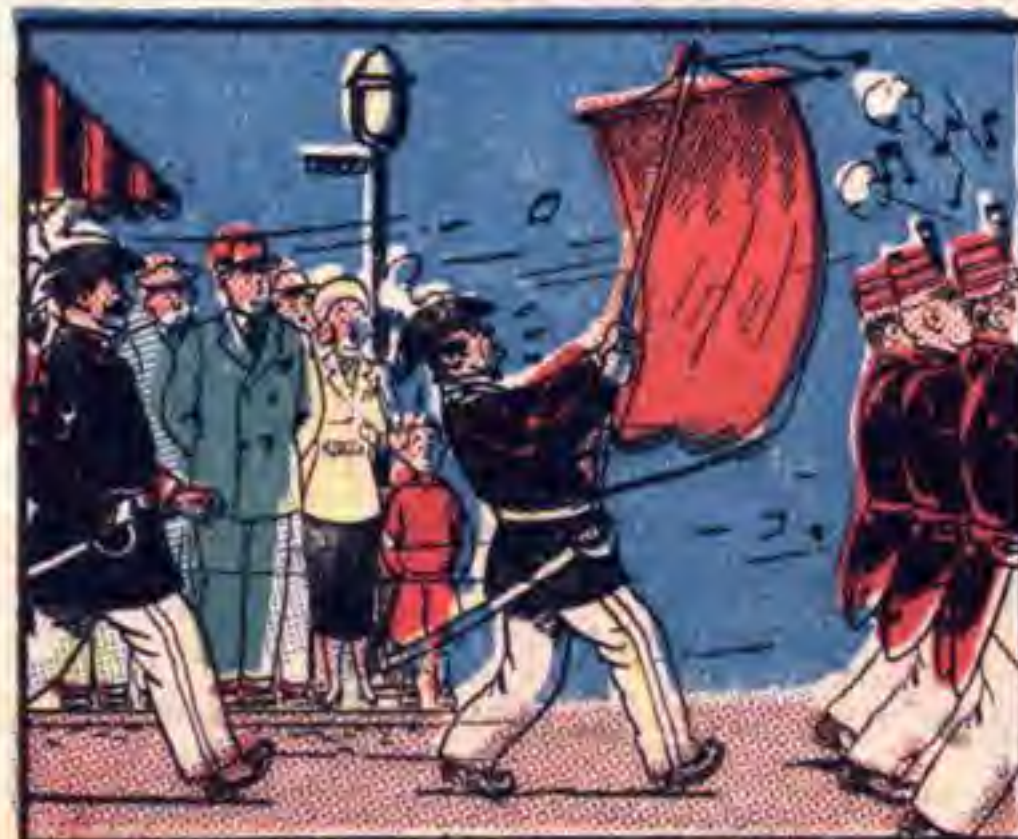




# MICKEY FINN

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By LANK LEONARD



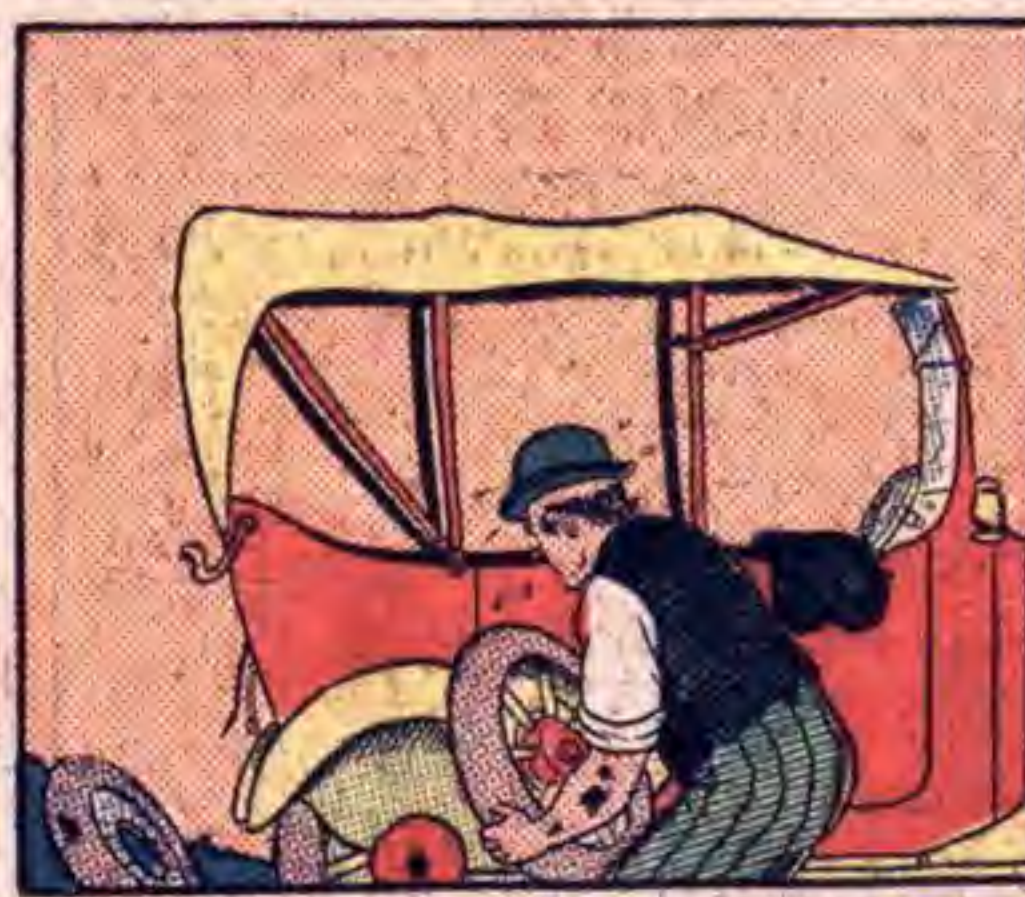




# MICKEY FINN

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By LANK LEONARD



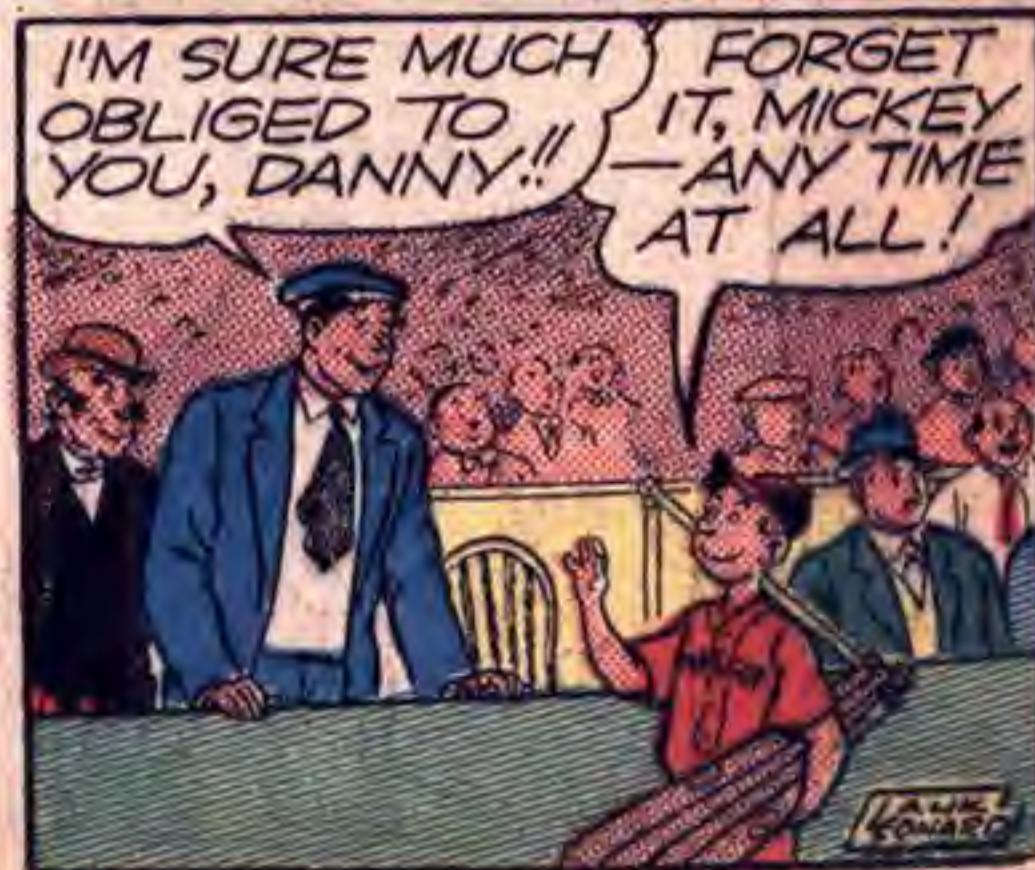




# MICKEY FINN

McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

By LANK LEONARD



More of Mickey Finn in the August issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale June 30th.





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